

THE
C U R S E
OF
SENTIMENT.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATER-NOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXXXVII.



T O T H E
M O S T N O B L E
T H E

MARCHIONESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

IF the Editor of this true and sorrowful Tale, could have suggested a more effectual expedient for its introduction, than through the influence and protection of *Benevolence*, *Honor* and *Sensibility*, he would not have inscribed it to the MARCHIONESS of BUCKINGHAM. But he presumes to think that the most infallible and certain means for it to excite general attention and regard, will be from appearing under the sanction and patronage

DEDICATION.

tronage of those *Virtues*, which so eminently distinguish the life and conversation of NUGENT's accomplished *Daughter* and BUCKINGHAM's amiable *Wife*.

London, December 9, 1786.

INTRODUCTION.

IN a narrow, and even limited sphere of life, circumstances often occur of a very extraordinary and interesting nature. My life admits of little novelty—secluded by inclination as well as necessity from the brilliant circles of society, I seldom know what taste and fashion mean, until they have degenerated to the lowest class of mankind; nevertheless, I enjoy pleasure, and

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a

taste

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taste of content; I indulge in Whim, and keep Hope alive by anticipating better days. Once in a season I take a trip to the Continent, and pass the summer months in a country, where cheerfulness, gaiety, and good-living exhilarate the spirits and make the blood circulate briskly. In my last summer's ramble, returning through French Flanders, I stopped a few days at the Post Royal Armentiers, where the good-natured and obliging disposition of the host and hostess,

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hostess, as well as the alertness of a good-tempered slut of a maid-servant, engaged me so agreeably, that I could not leave the place without looking back with sorrow and regret.

The gratitude and respect which were expressed in the looks and conduct of this worthy family, at my departure, at once destroyed all that littleness of soul which supposes sentiment and feeling incompatible with such a situation.—The landlord, a fine tall handsome man, about

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sixty; his silver hair was tied in a rosette, and loose at the sides; his garb was of drab-coloured camblet, neat and simple; his countenance was full of honest good-nature and sollicitation; and his fine blue eyes so forcibly entreated me to accept of his benediction in a glass of liqueur, that there was no resisting the influence.—His wife stood with the flask and goblet, her hand raised ready to execute what her liberal mind so earnestly solicited—she was Neatness itself—
dressed

dressed in a short robe-de-chambre of Valenciennes grey and purple silk, tied at the neck and wrists with dark brown ribands; her cap was of the finest lace, drawn close round the outlines of her face, and ornamented with ribands, of a colour uniform with those of her dress; her countenance was not fresh and chearful like her husband's, but fallow, grave, and full of melancholy. While these two stood in this situation on each side the door of the voiture, poor

X I N T R O D U C T I O N .

Jennet stood in the opening between them, and a little receded from their line : she was dressed in the country habit of servants—a short jacket and coat, striped grey and white, gave all the graces of a form which corresponded with my ideas of perfect elegance and just symmetry—her rosy cheeks contrasted the finest black eyes in the world—a smile of thanks and modesty sat upon her countenance, and a tear stole side-long from her eye, which she endeavoured to conceal

ceal by inverting her head, and directing a look of forced cheerfulness at Robairé, who was mounted on the leading horse, cloathed in his professional garb of Post Royal Guide. This was our position when mutual farewells, and reciprocal good wishes, had removed every obstacle to my departure, except a crack from Robairé's whip, which had sometime been suspended for that purpose.—It reverberates now in my ear—I looked back as long as I could see the door of
the

the hotel, where stood, fixed in silence, the landlord, his wife, and Jennet, their eyes turned upon each other with such expressions of feeling, as I can neither describe nor explain.—

“ Heaven bless you, honest
“ souls,” said I, “ this is one of
“ the pleasing heart-achs which
“ we so seldom meet with in our
“ road through life.”

During my stay at this place, I had often, and on fundry occasions, remarked a peculiar humanity and benevolence in this
Post

Post Royal Boy; he seemed to have sentiments and actions far above his station, and although perfectly ignorant as to instructive education, yet Nature had enriched his mind with fine ideas, and he expressed them very happily in his manners and conduct; he spoke tolerable French, and a little bad English. In the conversations incident to speculative travellers and intelligent post-boys, he acquainted me, that about six months ago having conducted a Gentleman to
Balleule,

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Balleule, in his way to England, he found, on his return, a bundle of papers in the seat of the voiture, which he was certain must have been left there by the Gentleman. He had preserved the bundle, he said, with great care, in hopes that it would have been enquired for, as it appeared, from the manner of its package, to be of some consequence. He had sent as far as Calais with a description of the Gentleman, who, he said, was a genteel-looking man about forty, his forehead high,

high, from which his fine brown hair had much receded; his eyes were very dark and intelligent, his countenance pale and sorrowful, and although very ordinary in the formation of his features, yet there was a strong and manly expression of agreeableness in his visage; he had a solemn melancholy dignity about him, which at once inspired awe and respect:—but, says he, I have not been able to learn the least tidings of him. I could wish to entrust this packet to the
care

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care of some person, whose own feelings, in a like situation, would instruct them what means ought to be taken to have it conveyed in safety to the owner. This trouble, adds he, I would be happy if you would undertake—here is the bundle—it is exactly as I found it, and I hope it will find its owner without undergoing any change. The packet was lapped in strong paper, and bound round with red tape, sealed, and marked on the outside, “ Letters and Copies of Letters.”

On

On my arrival in England, I took every possible and likely means to find the owner, but without success. I then opened the packet, in hopes of finding a key of intelligence, but all was locked up in darkness and mystery—nothing but initials and blanks where names and places were intended to be expressed : I had, therefore, no resource but the one I have here adopted, and by giving the Story, which these Letters contain, to the Public, it may bring the owner to a knowledge

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ledge where he may repair his
loss. I have neither altered the
language, nor the History—the
one is plain and simple—the
other is natural and affecting:
indeed, it appears so true and
melancholy, that any attempt
of that nature must lessen its
beauty and effect. The feeling
mind must be instructed and in-
terested—and the human heart
greatly improved and regulated:
it must influence to acts of be-
nevolence and forbearance, and
cannot fail to benefit in all the
various

various connections between man and man, between society and individuals.

I will lead directly to the Story, with this confident assertion, that from the reserved Papers in my possession, this piteous tale is, in every part and circumstance, unquestionably true, and composed of indisputable facts and real situations.

THE
CURSE OF SENTIMENT:

LETTER I.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. S - - - - AT L - - - -.

April 9th, 1783.

IGNORANCE of our real situation often constitutes our greatest happiness. I feel the full force of this observation in the late discovery which I mentioned to you—I had still been happy had the knowledge of

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my

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my wife's former situation been concealed from me—I have not slept these three nights—Fancy has been so busy in my brain that I cannot close my eyes. Oh! that they were shut for ever!—That this fiend, Recollection, were charmed to rest in the silent grave, and this subtle and indefinite spirit fled to that peaceful mansion end of all our hopes!

I am in possession of so much real grief, that any addition to so large stock would scarcely be perceived or felt—my mind seems adapted for great and heavy afflictions, and I believe my fortitude and perseverance will have a severe trial. Had my suspicions of my wife's virtue, before marriage, ever
been

been permitted a full scope of inquiry, the causes of my present unhappiness had been destroyed, or had never existed; but the unparalleled arts and deceptions which have been so constantly practised against me from our first acquaintance, had so much the appearance of innocence and virtue, that to have suspected would have been to deny the evidence of sense and reason. 'Tis true, I never doubted, because I never ceased to love; and had her disposition been equal to her discretion, I had still remained in ignorance and security; but in one of her paroxysms of passion, which is ungovernable, she declared her own baseness and my disgrace.—To myself I

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am despicable—to the world I must be ridiculous—my thoughts are so deranged that I cannot separate *real* from fancied ills.—God bless you.

LETTER II.

MR. C ---- TO MR. S ---- AT L ----.

May 5th.

A Friend of mine called on me this morning—he was sorry to see me sad and melancholy—his sympathy claim'd confidence, and I told him the cause of my grief—his countenance for some time hesitated whether it should appear chearful or disturbed—it stood neuter—and he left the room without

without a compliment or complaint—
It is thus that Misery is always treated
—the thoughtless and insensible fly
from it as infectious—instead of soothing
its inquietudes with compassion
and friendship, they add their improper
conduct to swell its bulk—

They, like the Priest, with tearless eye,
Just view the wretch, or pass him by—
Or stop but to be witty.—

There is a fashion in Friendship, and
it is not the present mode to be feelingly
affected for the distresses of those
whom we rank under the appellation
of friend.

Why should the theme of Friendship
be so generally held out as the
balm and consolation to an afflicted

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mind, when the principle is as false as the application is ineffectual : five thousand years experience has produced but few instances of a totally disinterested friendship ; and we may rest assured, that whenever we look for, or rely on such a consequence, Disappointment will always cancel the delusive hope. 'Tis a principle which has never existed in the human heart, and it is a term which ought to be expunged from our language.

L E T.

L E T T E R III.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. S - - - - AT L - - - .

May 29th.

I Find the woman, who was my wife, for such I do not now esteem or account her, was mistress to the very man who gave her to me as his relation, virtuous, wealthy, and endowed with every amiable quality of the mind—the whole was false—the deficiency of wealth I easily forgave, but that of virtue will ever remain unaccounted for, although the intercession of angels, and atonement for sacrilege were offered as an extenuation. What think you of such a mind as

B 4

this

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this man must possess?—He has been in the law—could that profession teach him such a trick?—Nature could not. It is a trick, which in any society of savages, would have been punished with death; but here it is esteemed a noble achievement, and half the kingdom will think this man both judicious and fortunate, for having contrived so masterly, and succeeded so well. 'Tis wonderful, yet 'tis true, that this nation, which has done so much to regulate the conduct of society, should leave the mind and feelings a prey to the designing and crafty, who exercise their inventive or necessitous genius to relieve themselves by distressing others. If a man steal my hat,
I can

I can hang him ; but if he break my heart, I have no remedy. If a man marry two wives, the law punishes with death ; but if he ruin fifty virtuous women, it is not cognizable, and he only acquires honour and reputation in proportion to the number of his debaucheries ; is this a just policy ? Is it founded in either reason or necessity ? The very contrary is the case. Against this man then I have no means of retaliation ; 'tis true, I am liberated in my mind and affections from a bad woman ; but the bondage of the law still hangs over me—limits and restricts my future connexions, and debars me from the common privileges of Nature, because I have been unfortunate.—God blefs you.

L E T T E R IV.

MR. C----- TO MR. S--- AT L-----

June 7th.

THE circumstance of my misfortunes is sinking deep into my mind, and violently depresses my spirits—that gaiety and freedom which I formerly enjoyed is leaving me—if I meet a friend I shrink back as if he saw the baseness of my situation—This woman declines entering into bonds of separation ; pretensions of a strong affection and inviolable chastity during marriage are her plea—I have faith in neither, though both may be true. I gladly accept of your invitation,

tion, and propose trying if a journey to L - - - will restore the blessing I have lost—a quiet mind. All is at present uncomfortable and disgusting—nothing pleases me; my little dog has lost his power of beguiling an hour—he was his mistress's favourite, and he tries to atone for her conduct by making his own agreeable—it is to no purpose—my sorrows are beyond the reach of consolation; but it is enough to be melancholy myself, without infusing the bitter ingredients into your happy family—To-morrow I set out for L - - -.

The approaching period of leaving my house dreadfully affects me. I have tried every room, every chair and

feat in it, but Comfort is not to be found—I have sent my little dog away to a friend—it was a trial which called up my best affections; the faithful creature seemed sensible of the intended change, and would not quit me the whole day; when the servant came for him, he rose to a state almost human—his feelings and passions were expressed with more sincerity and not less sensibility than what the christian race exemplify in their best and dearest modes of affection; when the man attempted to take hold of him, he ran to me, jumped upon my knee, licked my face—my hands—crept between my coat and waistcoat, trembled, sighed, and cried like a child; and as he was
carried

carried away, he turned back his head with so piercing a look of sorrow and despair, that I burst into tears and fled from the scene, nor can I yet regain any degree of composure. Why?—Oh! why are our attachments formed so strongly from custom and a constant intercourse with animals, and even inanimate things, and not from the impulses of Nature and Consanguinity! let not man say, “I am a superior Being.” A dog—call them not brutes—is in few respects his inferior, in many his equal—and in some his superior. My eyelids are heavy with sorrow—I will try to lighten them in the arms of sleep.—Good night.

L E T.

L E T T E R V.

MR. C----- TO MR. S--- AT L---.

June 8th.

IT was a solemn separation—every thing that has served me becomes dear to me—I cannot look on it with indifference, nor leave it without regret. I had resolved to quit my house this morning privately, and for that purpose rose earlier than usual ; when I opened my chamber-door, on the outside of which my faithful dog used to rest, his absence created reflections which were truly distressing yet instructive—the sentiment proceeded to inanimate objects, and every thing I
saw

saw renewed my grief—they were as friends and companions of long standing and faithful service; my heart swelled with indescribable emotions; yet I was determined to take a last and grateful adieu of objects I was to visit no more—I threw open a window—I gazed upon my bed and drew the curtains—I wiped the dust from my writing table, and sat down in my favourite chair—a portrait, once dear, very dear to me, caught my eye—it was too much—the sentiment stopt—I covered my face and hastened to the door—but here sympathetic misery arrested my steps; my poor dog, whose affection superseded hardships, presented himself in a state of distress, which till now he
had

never experienced ; he had returned back to his house the preceding evening, and finding the door shut, made the flags, on the outside, his bed ; it had rained hard during the whole night—the wet dropped from his ears and he shivered with the cold—his looks expressed what he felt better than words could have done, and carried a reproach to my heart which brought the tear of shame and conviction in my eye. The sensible animal passed me and went up stairs ; I followed, and found him occupying his wonted bed ; I stretched myself beside him, carested him, and as often as I wiped the wet from his face, as often did my tears renew it ; my heart heaved with sobs—

I walked

I walked backwards and forwards in the violent agitation of grief, and the faithful creature noticed me with apparent concern. “ Why, my Tancred, “ why, my dear dog, have you returned to renew my grief ? Why left a “ home when I have none to give you ? “ Could you be sensible of my trouble “ you would not have added this affliction to it.” Whether influenced by the sound of words, instinct, or the expression of features I know not ; but he arose, drooped his ears and tail and left the house, nor could all my intreaties stop him ; I sent my servant to my friend’s to learn if he had returned, which I found to be the case, and that he was quite easy and contented. Account

count for this ye stoics, atheists and philosophers if ye can ! And ye females of feeling, take a lesson from an animal which in sensibility is your superior.

LETTER VI.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. S - - - - AT L - - - -.

Nottingham, June 10th.

THE happiest of times are those when the mind is engaged in trifles, and the body in regular and just proportioned exercise; mankind are always uneasy when their pursuits are obtruse and difficult. In the ordinary occupations of life, there is almost a total suspension of thought, and the customary re-

re-

relaxations and applications are as so many habits of Nature, instinctively and alternately employed for the purposes of pleasure and profit. Ten years ago, when in the hey-day of youth and thoughtlessness, I was at this place—the recollection is painful—I have been reviving my old connexions, and reviewing my old walks; the faces and sentiments of my friends do not appear the same as formerly, nor do the beauties of the country gladden my heart as they were wont to do. The delightful meanderings of the Silver Trent are changed to the unvarying movements of a common disgusting stream; and my favourite retreat, the castle, is as solitary and barren as a wilderness;

dernefs—what can all this mean? It is not fure a change in Nature; yet there is a change which I cannot reconcile to former habits and manners. I would not refide here now, for the treasures of the world—but I cannot please myself—no wonder that I am difpleafed with every thing elfe. I had once a friend here—he is yet alive, but his friendship is dead; I offended him in forming the very connexion for which I am now fuffering—we fpeak, but there is no warmth in our words, at leaft in his; yet, when I told him my prefent diftreff, he turned his head afide, laid his hand upon his breaft, and I thought I faw a tear fall—he left me, and I retired to the clofet
of

of my heart for consolation, but I found it not.

L E T T E R VII.

MR. C ---- TO MR. S --- AT L ---.

Nottingham, June 12th.

YESTERDAY I paid a visit to the shades of Clifton, a beautiful village about two miles from this place. It is pleasantly situated on an eminence, on the banks of the Trent, and commands a grand landscape of the adjacent country, with the town of Nottingham, hanging on a rock, in the centre. To the left of the town, on a high rock and on the verge of a fine park, stands the castle.—The charming

ming village of Snenton, covered on the back ground with the tall and waving woods of Cholwick, to the right. The meadows between the town and river are interspersed with tufts of the willow and the poplar; the one drooping under sorrow and sensibility, the other rearing its pointed head in vanity and pride. The winding stream, on either hand, attracts your admiration as far as the eye can reach, until terminated on the right by a view of Bevoir Castle, which stands on a hill at the distance of twenty miles; and the black mountains of Derbyshire to the left.

The village of Clifton is celebrated, in a tale of fabled tradition, for having

ing exemplified a singular instance of punishment on female infidelity. A fair maid, who had betrothed herself to a lover by the most sacred oaths of faith and honour, having fallen into the never-failing toil of female attraction, riches, forgot her vows, her lover and her honour, in the arms of a more wealthy swain. The devil, who had registered her oaths on a condition, that if she proved unfaithful, her soul and body should answer the forfeit; devil-like, claimed the stake on her marriage night, and uncivilly carried her away from the side of her bridegroom as they lay in bed. Her shrieks alarmed the village, and every one hastened to her assistance—it availed not,

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not—they could only discover the tract which Satan pursued as he carried her off, which was through the window of the chamber, across a small green, and down a steep bank into the river; on this tract no blade of grass to this day ever grows: this latter part is certainly a fact, because its barrenness is palpably visible, but I will not say that it is the consequence of the rout of the devil and a faithless woman; because, if similar transactions produce similar consequences, our whole country would be little better than a desert. Adieu; in two days I shall be with you.

L E T.

L E T T E R VIII.

MR. C----- TO MR. S---- AT L-----.

Chesterfield, June 13th.

I Have passed through the forest of Sherwood in a perturbation of mind scarcely to be described—it arose from a recollection of those scenes of Nature and Simplicity, which I have so often beheld beautifully displayed amongst the rustics who inhabit this part of the country. I have always observed, that those individuals who are the most abstracted and secluded from the societies of men, are the most simple in their manners, and humane in their actions.

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Some

Some part of the harness of our carriage having failed, a stoppage was necessary to repair it; and being only a short distance from Mansfield, I walked forwards with an intention of performing the remaining part of the journey on foot; but deviating, in a state of thoughtlessness, from the direct road, I soon lost myself in a venerable grove of oaks; in the centre of which was a copse of fir and birch—a shepherd's hut, raised in the form of a soldier's tent, and covered with branches and leaves of the oak, stood on the verge of the copse, between which and the grove was a beautiful lawn in pasture, covered with a numerous flock of sheep. Neither the shepherd, who
fat

fat in the door of his hut binding up the leg of a ram, nor his dog, which lay fronting him, perceived me, until I was quite close upon them—the dog gave warning of my approach, but the old man was too intent on his humane employment to take any notice of me; until having finished, and liberated his charge, he accosted me with much civility and good manners.

“ You see, Sir,” said he, “ a sad example of the bad effects of a dissatisfied disposition—that ram, not content with the fare of his companions, must needs try the pasture of his neighbour, but being obliged to fly for the trespass, broke his leg in the act of escaping: it will,

C 2

“ however,

“ however soon be well again; for
 “ where there are no impediments to
 “ the free exertions of nature, there
 “ are seldom any defects in the prac-
 “ tice—I have,” continued he, “ ob-
 “ served, in many instances, both in
 “ the human and brute species, when
 “ gentle aids have been given to the
 “ efforts of Nature, they have succeed-
 “ ed when all the skill of the learned,
 “ and experience of the practitioner,
 “ have failed.—Nature alike prevails,
 “ and is equally powerful through
 “ the whole of the animal and vege-
 “ table world—its exertions will, in
 “ every possible case, be found suffi-
 “ cient to re-establish any derange-
 “ ment in the health and conduct of
 “ the

“ the boundless creation of beings—
 “ observe the whole class of cattle,
 “ birds, animals and vegetables of
 “ every description—they require no
 “ physician but instinct—except those
 “ unfortunate animals domesticated
 “ by the brute and tyrant, man,
 “ which, by connection only, partake
 “ of his infirmities.—Look to the fea-
 “ thered race—they inherit, in their
 “ sphere, a life, to which we can fix
 “ no certain period of duration, nor
 “ any specific decease whatsoever—
 “ the conclusions deduced from tame
 “ ones, are, and must be false—so of
 “ fishes and beasts of the forest—the
 “ wilder the animal, the less it in-
 “ herits of the disorders incident to

“man—a reflection that cannot be
 “pursued without injury to the cause
 “of our existence.”——I was silent,
 but attentive—the inference was as
 just as the sentiment was liberal—the
 only atonement we can make to those
 animals, which, unhappily for them,
 have by Art and Oppression fallen
 within our power and controul, is, to
 treat them on every occasion with ten-
 derness and sympathy, and to use
 them only when necessity requires,
 and then with mercy and kindness.

We were now arrived at the shep-
 herd's home—it was the cottage of
 Welcome, inhabited by Neatness and
 Sensibility—I was prevailed on to en-
 ter it, and was received by his daugh-
 ter-

ter-in-law and her three charming girls, (the eldest about twenty-one, and the youngest not more than ten years of age) with a chearful, hospitable smile, and a blush of modest surprise, and confused expression of innocent delight—The mother and two youngest were employed in preparing wool, and the eldest in spinning it into yarn for domestic purposes—I was not in a disposition to be captivated by any of the senses—yet I could not resist the attractions of this divine creature as she tript backwards and forwards at the wheel—It is an employment which shews, in the highest state of perfection, the true graces of Elegance, Symmetry and Beauty.—

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The body and limbs are always in unison with, and support each other through all the varied display of attitude exemplified in dancing and walking, without the stiffness of fashion and ceremony in the one, or confirmed habitude in the other—There is no describing this young woman but by the pencil of a Bunbury—there was a soul of inexplicable sweetness, innocence and sensibility expressed in every feature and form.—Her manner corresponded with her sentiments, and her dress with her station—she wore a very deep brown coloured gown of the finest worsted stuff, and a light coloured petticoat of the same, a blue cotton apron, and a white muslin

lin handkerchief—stays are only wore by those whom Nature has left unfinished—she wore none—her cap was of narrow chequered lawn, with a border of narrow lace—a knot of brown ribband on the front, and another of the same fastened it behind—it was close to her head only on the top and front, and flowed around in almost a circular form—her hair was of the brightest brown, waving in the most luxuriant wildness of Nature, in varied ringlets and tresses on her forehead, temples and neck—the tip of her ear made a division in a ringlet, and shewed that Nature had taken peculiar care in the formation of the minutest parts of this amiable peasant.—Unhappy

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female! Thy perfections may be thy curse!—Anticipation carried my thoughts forward to what may probably be the fate of this beautiful girl—her youth—her innocence—inexperience and sensibility are of themselves blessings—but, opposed to the arts of man, are misfortunes—some brute!—some unfeeling!—some unprincipled villain! may gain upon thy unsuspecting heart—perhaps ruin!—perhaps abandon thee!—perhaps debauch thy mind, now the seat of perfect innocence!—rob thee of thy charms by disease!—of thy modesty by base example!—and of thy virtuous principles by specious and false reasoning!—At best, perhaps, marry
some

some wretch, insensible of thy worth and incapable of charming thy soul with a mutual sentiment!—Heaven avert from thee, the ills attendant on thy sex!—I was indeed, my friend, so much agitated with these possible, nay probable consequences, that I could not partake of their wholesome meal, to which they pressed me with much civility and politeness—How ineffectual are all the precautions of man!—I had indulged in a design of passing to Mansfield in retirement and contemplation—and here had I got entangled in sentiments which held me in anxiety and bondage.—Although I did not stay half an hour in this cottage, yet I left it with impressions.

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of uneasiness and reluctance—"I shall see you again," said I—when I took my leave, not recollecting the distance you are from this place—every tongue requested I would—and I thought the charming Adelina, whose countenance had for some minutes been clouded, seemed particularly pleased at the proposition.——

I arrived at Mansfield in time for the coach, and got to this place two hours ago, where we are to sleep—or rather to remain till the morning—you will receive this but a few hours before I shall have the happiness of telling you in person how much, and how truly I am, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R IX.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L----, June 25th.

I Thank you for the early attention paid to my request—it meets my best thanks and full approbation—You are pleased with my shepherd and his family—I am not surpris'd at it—I cannot shake off the effects of the incident—the beautiful Adelina!—Heavens!—I have been here ten days—but neither Friendship nor Necessity can reconcile me to the circumstances of my present situation.

My friend and his family are well
and

and chearful—they received me with joy and fincerity—I am to act and live as I please—a suite of rooms is appropriated for my sole and separate use—why cannot I be happy in the possession of such indulgencies?—The country is pleasant—the neighbourhood genteel and sociable—and the amusements are, in taste and elegance, equal to those of the capital—yet there is a vacuity in my mind which wants filling up—luxury is not living—I eat the choicest dainties, and drink the most delicious wines without tasting them—I repose on a down bed without being refreshed—and I join in amusements, sports and society, without being satisfied—a retrospect

troſpect of what I was—a ſenſe of what I now am, ſuperſede all conſolation—time, they tell me, will wear out the traits—If the cauſe of my affliction proceeds from mortified pride, and not affection diſappointed, it may be ſo—I have ſome doubts—the paſſions are indefinable—I will not at preſent venture an opinion where all my enquiries prove fruitleſs and undeciſive.

Oh! this waſte of time!—of thought!—a torment to myſelf—unprofitable to the world—and diſtreſſing and troubleſome to my friends—I muſt not think.—Manage my affairs as you pleaſe—they are wholly in your power—and I am pleaſed that it is ſo.—Adieu.

LETTER X.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L---, July 10th.

MY time!—Alas!—what is time to me—It has of late been variously employed—but to little—very little purpose—I am a mere blank in the active and useful scenes of life.—I have formed an acquaintance with a Mr. B-- the village Apothecary—he is chearful and generous—but a perfect materialist and libertine—my marriage and misfortunes are a secret to all here, except my amiable friends, Mr. and Mrs. S---. The Doctor
thinks

thinks it very strange that I am not fond of women—he has lately lost his house-keeper, and daily expects a niece of his to supply her place—he tells me I must fall in love with her—for she is good, and beautiful as an angel—he is restrained from doing so by kindred—but I much mistake if that will be any bar to his inclinations, provided the young woman's virtue shall not prove too obstinate for his arts—he numbers his conquests in love, as a soldier would his victories in battle—he has scaled walls and forced doors—he has professed friendships and affections without feeling them—he has protested, swore, dissembled and flattered, and all to ruin
the

the peace of a fellow creature for a momentary gratification—yet he is merry and happy—talks of Virtue and Villainy—applauds the one, and arraigns the other—thinks he is honorable, if he is honest—and confounds the necessitous systems of society with the moral rectitude of the heart—he can see the poor creatures, who have been the unhappy objects of his lascivious pursuits, exposed to shame, and the reproach of enraged relations, and a mis-judging world--abandoned to disgrace, misery and disease—without emotion, sympathy or regret—he points at them as the spoils of glorious conquests—relates, with exultation and hardened indecency, the means
and

and manner of his success, with as little feeling and less sorrow than a generous sportsman would the death of the timid and harmless hare—Yet such men live, and bear a distinguished part in the bosom of society—Is it possible?—Yes—caressed by those we call good and virtuous—Farewell.

Yours, —

LETTER XI.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L---, July 28th.

I Am become the village physician—Mr. B. acts now only in a subordinate capacity—the knowledge and history

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history of simples employed the greatest part of my studies at college, and I have often performed wonderful cures—I have even surprised my mechanical apothecary, who profits considerably by my assistance and instruction—and indeed he consults me on every occasion with great deference and profound respect—The moment his niece arrived, he came with joy and consequence in his countenance, to invite me to drink tea with her—my laughing at him did not make him sensible of the absurd and improper request—I was obliged to refuse him in terms of contempt and reproach—“ Fye, Doctor! What! expose a young innocent creature, unacquainted

acquainted with the world as I understand she is, and a perfect stranger to the manners and customs of your neighbours, to the uncharitable and ill-natured observations of her own sex, and the indelicate and unpitying vulgarity of ours, without even time to prepare herself in the necessary etiquette of compliments and company—if your niece has the perfections you mention, do not destroy them by improper treatment—let her remain unexposed for a few days, until she shall be somewhat accustomed to your manner, and the œconomy of your household—then introduce her gradually to your acquaintance—first to those of her own sex—and then into mixed

mixed company—you say she is a valuable acquisition to you—preserve her so—to do which you must not only conceal from her your principles and lascivious disposition, but protect her, by authority, instruction and example, from others of the same description—I shall have great pleasure in paying my respects to your relation over a dish of tea—but it must be only when she can receive company of our sex without distressing her feelings, or affecting her situation.”—The Doctor did not like this, and went away seemingly disappointed—but I find it has been of service to him, and he has adhered to my advice—the female part of Mr. S’s family visited
his

his niece yesterday, and they speak of her as a miracle of excellence—and observed, that they never saw the Doctor behave with such propriety before—He has not ventured to visit me since the above lecture, until this day, when he came with solemn earnestness to join the whole circle of my acquaintance in pressing solicitations for me to make one in a large fishing party, proposed for to-morrow, about a mile from the village, where they are to dine and spend the whole day on the bank of the river—The ladies are to partake in the amusement—I envy them not—I have resisted every inducement, and positively refused to accompany them—it says but little,
to

to my heart, in favour of ladies who can join in such diversions.--Would the tender Adelina do so?—I am sure not.—I detest, and am shocked with every exercise (I cannot call it pleasure) which destroys the peace and affects the life of animals—this, of all others, is my particular aversion—fish are a species of animals which ought to be exempt from our tyranny—they inherit an element of their own—they encroach not on our rights, nor do they destroy our property—we have no claim on them for their food, nor can we have any prejudice at their situation—to see a harmless and inoffensive creature tortured and dragged from the bosom of its home, its

com-

companions, and attachments—to gratify the abandoned inclination or feed the luxurious appetite of man, is a scene so inconsistent to a rational mind, that it ought to be discountenanced with the whole force of precept and example—besides, angling is an unmanly and ungenerous sport—to beguile to death under the semblance of giving sustenance, is mean and treacherous—and the torturing one creature to enslave and destroy another, can only be practised by a mind totally incapable of feeling or of thought—there are animals, whose natural ferocity and destructive disposition require correction—nay death—but this should be inflicted with

mercy and tenderness—not executed with a variety of lingering and agonizing torments, to amuse the vitiated taste of man—Mr. S. is in other respects endowed with great humanity—but in angling he forgets himself—custom, in this respect, has perverted his nature, and he indulges in the sport with pleasure and avidity.—I lose all patience and charity with human nature, when I reflect that there are hearts so depraved as to enjoy the art of destroying the beautiful and harmless trout—as to see him, with ecstasy of pleasure, tortured on the ensnared hook—driven from one end of his habitation to the other, in the most agonizing distress—till spent and
breathless,

breathless, he yields to his destiny and the savage arts of man!—and ladies too!—

L E T T E R XII.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, July 29th.

THE occurrences of this day have created sensations, which, I am afraid, will not soon be suppressed—they threaten dreadful calamities—unconquerable afflictions—I am the sport of fortune—a mere machine—actuated and depressed without knowing how or for what cause—my mind is always engaging in transactions foreign to

D 2

my

my interest, and excluded from my hope—I contrive to shun every thing that is likely to involve my passions in perplexities, and embrace what I conceive may enliven and soothe them—but in endeavouring to avoid sorrow, I seldom fail to meet it—All that I combine in theory, is destroyed in practice—I will no more resist nor oppose my fate, but yield obedience to whatever these mysterious impulses impose on me.

From a principle of aversion to the sport, I had peremptorily refused to join with the fishing party, but told Mr. S. over night that I should ride in the morning, and probably not return till the next, or second day following—

lowing—my intention was a visit to the shepherd's cot, although at a distance of forty miles—during a sleepless night, I had revolved this matter over and over again—there was an impulse that urged me to pursue my design which I could not account for, nor reconcile to the action—there was no impropriety in it, and the idea somehow composed and quieted my reflections—the influence to go was stronger than the power which held me—yet I could not determine—the morning was uncommonly beautiful—the sun arose with benignity, and diffused a soft vivifying influence over all the wide extended hemisphere—the vapours ascended from the sur-

face of the waters to acknowledge the attracting power of the glorious luminary—the shrubs and flowers reared their drooping heads, and mixed their grateful odours with the morning dew—the mountains smiled, and every created object joined in thanking the Eternal Being for the blessings of returning light and warmth—the general joy reached my soul, and placed a serenity there which had long been a stranger—“ I will visit my humble philosopher,” said I—“ his happy life and conversation will improve by example and precept these pleasing sensations”—It was momentary—I resolved—relapsed—hesitated and trifled until the hour of ten.—The
 fishing

fishing party had proceeded early to their sport—and without consulting minutely the cause, or adopting any precise motive, I mounted my horse and rode, I knew not for what or whither.—I had not proceeded more than a mile when I found that I had passed the river over a handsome stone bridge, and that a similar one presented itself at a small distance before me—I was on the isthmus of a peninsula—and to my left, on the meadow, which the extreme bend of the river encircled, I perceived the marquée of the fishing party pitched—I was displeased with my situation—The gentlemen were dispersed on the bank of the river in eager pursuit of the

sport, and the ladies were dancing on the lawn to the soft notes of the flute, which a gentleman that sat in the door of the tent, played most charmingly—On the opposite side of the stream, the bank was exceedingly high, rocky and declining—forming a beautiful and deep amphitheatre—the broom and the dwarf birch covered the spaces between the rocks, and exhibited a grand and picturesque scene.—They perceived me not, and I continued my rout for two hours without any fixed design—and almost with as little did I turn my horse, and traverse the same back again until I came to the bridge—which instead of crossing, I followed a path that
seemed

seemed to lead round the bank on the opposite shore to where they were fishing.—Fortunately or unfortunately, I know not whether, as I approached the wing of the amphitheatre, the road brought me close to the river—the ladies were all gathered round a gentleman, who stood on the verge of the stream, and seemed attentively to pursue the course of his line, as it traversed the pool—they did not observe me, and just as the road was leading me from their view, a violent scream drew my instant attention—I discovered that the ground on which they stood had given way, and that the gentleman and two ladies had fallen into the river—it was at least

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ten feet deep—I did not hesitate, but struck my horse into the stream, and swam across—the gentleman and one lady were got out safe before I reached the spot—but the other lady was a considerable distance from the shore and in the moment of sinking—none of the gentlemen could swim, and so great was their distraction and confusion, that they were pursuing no means to remedy the defect, nor did they perceive me till I had got off my coat and boots, and plunged into the river—I went thrice to the bottom without success—on the fourth attempt I brought her up, and with some difficulty reached the shore—she was quite senseless and to all appearance lifeless
—her

her face black and her features distorted.—The Doctor's lamentations pierced my heart—they were unfeigned—"O my niece! My niece!"—she was carried to the tent and the methods to recover her were unremittingly pursued for ten minutes—violent throbbings agitated her stomach—the water issued from her mouth—quick and convulsive breathings preceded a general warmth—her colour gradually returned, and reviving life flowed rapidly into her young veins—at intervals she groaned and sobbed most piteously—at last her eyes seemed to regain the faculty of distinguishing—and her memory that of perception—I caught her eyes for a

moment—they were directed at me with astonishing wildness, and inquisitive amazement—it was easily accounted for—my disastrous appearance—a stranger—and the only man present except her uncle, were motives for surprise and distrust—she raised her head—I turned away—she shrunk down—gave a deep and heavy sigh and fainted—The ladies soon recovered her, and a chaise being arrived, she was conveyed home.—The day's sport ended.—We returned to the village—I in pensive sadness—the sportsmen in regret and disappointment—I cannot proceed—I am not only unfortunate but miserable—tomorrow I will give you the sequel.

L E T.

LETTER XIII.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L---, July 30th.

I Know not where I left off—where I am to begin—circumstances and events have multiplied and crowded so fast and so strangely upon me that I can scarce collect my thoughts sufficiently to give you the residue of this unfortunate tale—I am never displeased at any accident that seems to reprove the practice of cruelty, unless the reproof exceeds the crime—the misfortune of yesterday was nearly terminating in this manner.—I have been loaded with thanks and caresses
for

for the share I had in it—I deserve them not—and they only distress me—the Doctor’s gratitude is unlimited—it knows no bounds—he came in the evening to acquaint us with the state of his niece’s health—“ A cordial,” says he, “ and a few hours sleep have almost restored her—only a little flighty—her recollection is not yet perfect—but I have now left her composed and easy, and by the morning she will be quite well—I told her who it was that saved her—and I could not persuade her to rest quiet until I promised to carry her most grateful acknowledgements to the person who had risked so much to
“ save

“ save a life not worth preserving—
 “ these were her very words—she
 “ eagerly enquires for intelligence
 “ about you—your name—the time
 “ you have resided here—your dress
 “ —your disposition—and indeed a
 “ variety of questions as unnecessary
 “ for her to know, as it is imperti-
 “ nent in her to ask them—But when
 “ her scattered thoughts are collected,
 “ which I hope a night’s sleep will
 “ effect, she will be ashamed to hear
 “ what ridiculous fancies the incident
 “ has raised in her brain—I assure
 “ you I had some difficulty in appeas-
 “ ing her, and nothing but my com-
 “ ing here with her message could
 “ have accomplished it—when I chid
 “ her,

“ her, she was silent—looked pensive
 “ and disturbed—then hastily renewed
 “ her enquiries”—“ Was it not he
 “ who stood by me and held my
 “ hand when I recovered ?”—“ It
 “ was—she covered her face in the
 “ cloaths”—“ I have seen him before—
 “ I know I have—I feel I have
 “ —it is strange—very strange.”—
 “ You surprise me Doctor,” I replied,
 “ I have no recollection or remembrance
 “ of your niece--indeed I have
 “ not seen so much of her countenance
 “ and form as to enable me to make
 “ any positive conclusion--I think she
 “ must be mistaken, or her senses are
 “ wandering--what part of the country
 “ has she resided in?”—“ In N—, a
 “ short

“ short distance from Mansfield”—
 “ Has she a father ?”—“ she has a
 “ grandfather, and her mother is my
 “ sister”—“ of what occupation is her
 “ grandfather ?”—“ He has a small
 “ farm of his own, and lives on the pro-
 “ duce of the flocks which he feeds on
 “ it”—“ and her name ?—“ Is Adelina
 “ M- -. Enough Doctor—my God !—
 “ my God !—how wonderful is thy
 “ providence !—indeed it is strange—
 “ very strange”—Why did my limbs
 tremble—my heart beat—my cheek
 glow, and my pulse throb ?—Why was
 my tongue convulsed—my mouth
 parched—and my throat choaked ?—
 “ You shall go to bed,” said Mr. S—,
 “ fatigue and anxiety have affected
 “ your

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“ your health and discomposed your
“ mind—rest and comfortable sleep
“ will relieve you”—I shook my
head—it was all the answer I could
make—he led me to my room,
buried in contemplation and amaze-
ment—Adieu—God bless you.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L-----, August 2d.

MR. S. could not be prevailed on to leave me on any terms but those of my going to bed immediately—I promised to do so—but sleep and all inclination to rest had fled from me—The Sorrows of Werter lay upon my table—I took it up—sighed—read—and wept—the sympathetic tear warm from the heart poured in torrents down my cheeks—I proceeded—
“ How often when I have lain down
“ in my bed have I wished never to
“ wake

“wake again! and in the morning
“I open my eyes, I again behold the
“fun, and I am wretched.”—A
gloomy darkened shade stooped me—
the letters were covered with a pale
and sickly hue—the remnant of the
candle had sunk within the socket—
its diminished light was fast con-
centering in a point—the outlines
of the room were already dark—and
the gloom soon covered my narrow
hemisphere—I cast my eyes up to
the perishing rays yet trembling
on the ceiling—the contracted circle
grew less and less—the efforts of light
were feeble and momentary—the
sparks drew to a small point—twink-
led for a second and vanished.—I
closed

closed my eyes—folded my arms—stretched out my limbs, and in this position waited the dawn of morning.—I walked into the village—all was hushed in silence—the watch of the faithful house-dog was ended—Aurora's nymphs had relieved him, and under their benevolence he was enjoying rest from his labour.—“ Sleep on thou honest guardian of thy master's life and property !—May thy head lay always soft and thy heart easy !”

I passed the Doctor's house—the windows were all shut, and the curtains close drawn—the pretty simple Robin was mellowing his sweetest notes to charm his mate—he sat upon a dwarf apple tree which grew in a
 pot

pot on the outside a chamber window—
 “ Perhaps the tender Adelina now
 listens to thy song, and is soothed
 with thy plaintive voice !—Tender !—
 it cannot be—did she not engage in
 the angler’s savage sport—and enjoy
 the torture of the harmless trout ?—
 Thy throat is strained in vain for her
 —Tenderness and Adelina can no
 more be joined.”—My steps increased
 and my strides lengthened—I hastened
 from so unpleasing a reflection—I
 wandered unknowing what I wished,
 or what I wanted—It was late before
 I returned and the family waited break-
 fast—“ We have been uneasy about
 “ you” said Mrs. S. “ and sent to
 “ enquire if you had been at the Doc-
 “ tor’s”

“tor’s”—“Sent to the Doctor’s, ma-
 “dam!”—“and the Doctor has been
 “here in consequence, and joined with
 “us in anxiety for your return, least
 “some misfortune had befallen you—
 “his niece is perfectly recovered—
 “come let us be chearful — we are go-
 “ing to ride this fine morning to K.
 “and I hope you will accompany us”
 “—With pleasure madam”—send to
 the Doctor’s to enquire for me! what
 can they mean by it!—Adieu.—

L E T

LETTER XV.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L-----, August 5th.

IT is the same Adelina—the granddaughter of my philosophic shepherd—she, who gave me a perfect comprehension of what Grace and Elegance mean—she, who, in rustic obscurity displayed charms which would enlighten and inflame a court—she whom these hands brought from the bottom of the deep—whose life hung upon the slender thread of accident—I have seen her—she is completely restored to health—I have contemplated the wondrous

wondrous beauties of her mind and form—and I see that she is the most perfect of all created beings.

L E T T E R X V I .

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - - , LONDON.

August 6th.

REASON and Prudence are vainly applied to correct or amend the incidents of human conduct—the one cannot calm the passions, nor can the other make us fortunate—they are high sounding qualities, but very insignificant resources—Hypocrisy and Insensibility would better distinguish

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them

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them than the titles they now bear—when I hear a man of sober life and large experience directing the afflicted to seek for comfort in the use of reason, I conclude that he has found ample benefit himself in what he recommends—Ask him of his hopes—his desires—his state of mind.—Disappointment has soured his temper—he cannot forget what his expectations—his possessions—his enjoyments once were.—Clouds and darkness hang upon his evening meditations—not a cheerful ray enlivens his morning song—his days are all embittered by reflection, and while he tells me that he calmly submits to the dictates of Reason

son

son and Religion, his heart is wrung at the moment with the sorrows of painful reproach—if he has any comfort, it arises from comparison—from beholding some other wretch more unfortunate, more desponding than himself—it is all a cheat—the fabled god of Fanaticism and Superstition—like the gildings and pompous inscription on a monument, which preserves the ashes of some despicable wretch from insult and contempt.—Hypocrisy and Pride, under the mask of Reason and Prudence, cover the miseries of disappointed hopes and unsatisfied ambition.—I detest it all—the effusions of my soul have always flowed

in copious and unconfined streams—
my actions, my wishes, and feelings
are all written on my forehead, and I
go into society with them naked and
uncovered—I will continue to do
so in spite of systems and sanctioned
customs.

L E T.

LETTER XVII.

MR. C---- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L----, August 8th.

THE Doctor's officious civilities never cease—they disgust me—but they are accompanied with so much anxious sincerity and good-nature, that I cannot be angry at him.—Our ride to K. was very pleasant—the maturity of the harvest is a glorious prospect—the fields, waving with their luxuriant and golden stores, call forth the gratitude of every heart, and dress in smiles the face of the humble peasant, the honest farmer, and generous

E 3

lord

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lord—I felt the influence—it reached and exhilarated my spirits—it was general—our little society received the warm impresson with a visible and heartfelt joy, and we returned home to dinner pleased, satisfied and cheerful.

As we rode past the Doctor's I had a momentary glimpse of Adelina as she turned hastily away from a window which fronted the street—It was like the passing ray of a sunbeam chased by the shadow of some invidious cloud—"To-morrow," says Mrs. S. "we are to spend the day with the Doctor—I could not pacify him this morning until I promised for you, as well as the whole family.—I
" assure

“ assure you he is a liberal and plea-
 “ fant man in his own house—in-
 “ deed I could not find in my heart
 “ to mortify him with a refusal, he
 “ was so solemnly earnest and pressing
 “ —and, had you seen him pleading
 “ and entreating for my interceding
 “ with you, you would forgive me
 “ the liberty I took in answering for
 “ you.”—Mrs. S. is an excellent wo-
 man—she looks in the countenance
 and conduct for the sentiments of the
 heart, and never fails to gratify them
 when she has the power to do so.

We had scarce finished dinner when
 the Doctor arrived—very grave and
 seemingly in much tribulation—he
 soon explained himself, for he has no

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reserve, by acquainting us that his niece had been taken suddenly ill before dinner. “ ’Tis true,” says he, “ she is better again, but the girl is “ so thoughtful and grave since the “ accident, that I am really afraid of “ her head—her vivacity has totally “ left her—and unless company wear “ out the disagreeable and horrid im- “ pressions, I know not what I shall “ make of her—she is the child of “ my adoption, and I love her as my “ soul—she has got such whimsical “ fancies—finds fault with my dress, “ and begs I will have a dark raven “ grey coat with stone coloured waist- “ coat and breeches—I would gladly “ humour the dear girl—but I do “ not

“ not think such a dress would suit
 “ my profession and corpulency—
 “ What do you think, Sir ?—Oh ! I
 “ see you have one of the same—it
 “ must be fashionable then—well—
 “ well—I’ll have one likewise.”—Mrs.
 S. looked at me—so did Miss S. —I un-
 derstood their eyes, but could not
 answer them—I did not before know
 what I wore——

L E T T E R XVIII.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - - LONDON.

L - - - -, August 9th.

I Entered the Doctor's house with very different sensations to those which accompanied me in the shepherd's cot, although the same angel inhabited both—Adelina was in the garden, but soon joined us in the parlour—it is not possible, thought I, as she saluted the ladies, that this elegant creature can be a shepherd's daughter—the ease, the gracefulness, modesty and propriety with which she carries and conducts

conducts herself are more than human—I approached her with a visible timidity and profound respect—I cannot describe what I felt as I took her hand—she trembled violently, nor could I scarce articulate—“ Nothing, “ madam, can give me equal pleasure to beholding you in the possession of health after so dangerous an accident—and I beg leave to join “ with your friends in congratulating “ you on the preservation of a life “ which must be dear to them as well “ as to all who have the happiness of “ your acquaintance.”—With a softened tear of melting gratitude moistening her beautiful eye—she replied—“ If life is a blessing, it is you, Sir,

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“ who have made it so to me—mine
“ is become inestimable by the value
“ of the stake which was risked to
“ redeem it”—She held down her
head—the starting tear was in her eye
—it fell upon my hand—the impres-
sion is indelible.—She saw me look at
it—and she saw one from my eye fall
beside it—the sensation was mutual,
and I am sure it was virtuous—her
uncle led her to a chair, and I turned
to the window—sympathy had placed
a sweet memorial in every eye present
—and it was a powerful one—for it
was silent—That tear!—*That tear!*—
The sensitive drop soon found its way,
by absorption, to the heart, and ex-
panded every artery there—I have en-
circled

circled the spot where it fell, with a mark which can never be effaced—

A few moments removed all confusion

—and Adelina was perfection on every

occasion—I received much pleasure

in finding that she highly disapproved

of having engaged in the fishing party,

and that the sport had wounded her

tender bosom—“ Let us forget it,”

said Mrs. S. “ whatever good may

“ be the consequence I know not, but

“ no evil has yet been produced by it.”

—We talked of her grandfather—her

mother and sisters—and the sweet cot-

tage—it was a theme that conciliated

all jarring and tumultuous passions—

“ Her mother and youngest sister had

“ often talked of me,” she said, “ and

“ wished

“ wished I might return to visit them
 “ as I had promised—they will all be
 “ happy to hear to whom their gra-
 “ titude is due for having a child
 “ and sister.”

The Doctor seems greatly changed
 of late—his obscenity and illiberal
 opinions of the virtue and modesty of
 women have quite left him, and he
 really thinks that there are women,
 with whom a man may live, in mar-
 riage bonds, chaste and happy.—I
 join with him fully in opinion, not-
 withstanding my experience has been
 a fatal instance to the contrary—there
 are women indeed !—happy !—su-
 premely so ! —

L E T.

LETTER XIX.

MR. C----- TO MR. H--- LONDON.

L-----, August 14th.

THE Doctor has been giving me an account of Adelina's family—it is not a pleasant one—the father has been dead about two years, and all their dependance is on the grandfather, who has been long a widower—his former life had been employed in a very extensive line of commerce, by which he acquired a considerable fortune, but, by the extravagance of his only son, whom he placed at an
early

early age in the army, and his own liberal and generous disposition, which knew no bounds when either real or fictitious distress presented itself, had long since been reduced within the narrow precincts of his little farm and cottage, on which he now resides in perfect contentedness.—His son, when a lieutenant, married the Doctor's sister—they were esteemed the handsomest pair in the kingdom, and, until the birth of their youngest child, the happiest.—About that time he had occasion to visit London, and left his little family in the quarters of the regiment until he should return—It happened, unfortunately, that he lodged in a house in — street, kept by two sisters,

sister, whose characters he never once thought of enquiring into—they were of the worst class of prostitutes.—With the semblance of virtue, sensibility and honour in their public conduct, they possessed the vilest of principles, and practised the foulest of crimes in private—they were specious, artful, and vicious—with elegant forms, alluring faces, and insinuating manners, they seldom failed in their attempts to ruin the generous, unsuspecting, liberal heart—no wonder then that Captain M---, who possessed uncommon sensibility, impetuous spirits, and a sanguine constitution, should fall into their snare—so it was—the eldest of the sisters, in a few days, so far engaged

gaged his affections that he totally neglected the business he went on, his family, his interest, and his character. — He drew from his father, under vague pretences, almost the whole of what remained of his shattered fortune, and took up all the arrears which he had in his agent's hands. — With part of this sum he purchased an annuity for Mrs —, and the rest he laid out chiefly in cloaths and other articles for her use and benefit. — In three months this sum, not inconsiderable, was wholly expended. — The affectionate and anxious endearments of his distressed wife and family — the remonstrances of his father — and solicitations of his friends,

friends, which had been so often urged to call him back to Honor and to Virtue, had hitherto failed.—But this being thought a proper season to repeat them once more—he yielded a momentary obedience to such powerful incentives, and left the stew of this vile woman for a temporary refuge in a friend's house.—She knew her profession well—and she knew her object better.—His commission was yet untouched, and it was of too much consequence, to her, to be easily parted with—But as all access to him, in her own likeness, was denied her, she was obliged to have recourse to her never-failing invention.—She therefore dressed herself as an officer of the regiment

ment to which he belonged, and under that disguise procured a private interview with him at his friend's house, without the smallest suspicion.—She succeeded, and brought him away with her; nor did his friends find out the manœuvre until some days after.—He soon sold his commission for two thousand guineas, with part of which he increased her annuity; and the remainder scarcely supported her vanity and extravagance six months.—It was no sooner exhausted, and every resource vanished, than her pretended love and affection vanished also—and without endeavouring to conceal her indifference, or cover her intentions, she turned him

him out of doors, and immediately attached herself to a wretched, drivelling counsellor, who had lodged a few days only in her house.—The unfortunate Captain M—— made his peace with his father and his family—but his fortune, his honour, his character, and his happiness, were for ever fled.—He returned to the cottage of his good old father, who had there nourished and supported his amiable family ever since his apostacy.—But the reproach of his own heart was too severe for his fortitude to repel; and he lost his senses in the conflict.—About two years ago he ended his miserable life in a mad-house.—Mrs M—— has a small settlement; which, with the old man's farm,

farm, forms all their wealth.—The Doctor's property will, no doubt, centre in the family, as it is not likely that he will ever marry.—Unhappy children ! and more unhappy mother ! robb'd of your support and protection—a father's fondness, and a husband's love—Needs there a stronger evidence of a future state than the morality of this transaction?—Can any rational soul suppose, that the wretch who contrived and executed this ruin, although secure in the blessings of this life, will not atone for it in some future world?—It must be so.—If this is disbelieved, what speculation can be binding on the human mind?—None——

L E T-

L E T T E R X X.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L-----, August 16th.

EVERY thing approves by its principle, and illustrates in its conduct, the beauty and perfection of the system of the universe.—Time is carrying the original idea of Nature forward, without a pause or retrograde motion, to some determinate end, of which we have no perfect conception.—A cause or motive is seen in the minutest creation.—The fate of man to himself only is indefinable.—Mysterious clouds
and

and darkness cover all his prospects, and his life is a paradox of wonderful and strange incidents and events, which he can neither foresee nor prevent.— Who can say — “ To-morrow will
 “ bring me happiness — Peace will
 “ shed her benign influence o’er my
 “ heart—and Plenty crown my warm-
 “ est hopes”—when the sting of a gnat shall discompose the whole frame—or a few particles of yellow dust render the mind miserable—Oh ! ’tis folly all.—I am bewildered with my unhappy situation—Like one who has ventured to explore some vaulted cavern, in hopes of penetrating thro’ the base of a mountain to avoid climbing its summit, I look back on my
 journey

journey to view the progress I have made, and perceive, that the wide space where I entered is drawn to a very circumscribed aperture, and the blazing light diminished to the glimmer of a feeble star—but all before me impenetrable darkness, doubt, and horror—and the next step I take may sink me to perdition.—Thus am I fixt, fearful to proceed, and unable to return.

L E T T E R X X I.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, August 17th.

WHY should I oppose my fate, or dissemble with my feelings.—I can neither alter the one, nor suppress the other.—Oh Adelina! Adelina! thy perfections have prevailed over laws, ceremonies, bonds, and restrictions—I confess thy power, I feel thy influence, and adore thy virtues—Oh! my friend! every faculty of my soul is contracted to this charming creature, by some secret, irresistible power—some positive prepossessing agent, of whom

whom I have no knowledge, and over whom I have no controul—Yes, my friend—my companion—to you I lay open my heart—to you I unfold the secrets of my wretched bosom.—I love Adelina with a passion which cannot be sullied by circumstances, nor destroyed by time.—And, I have reason to think, that her breast glows with mutual affection.—What can I do?—How conduct myself?—Advise me—tell me to fly from this place—to save myself—to save one whose happiness is dearer to me than thousands of worlds.—Mr. S— and his family, I perceive, suspect my attachment—Indeed I do not endeavour to hide it—I have no discretion where

my heart is engaged—But my situation—Oh! my unhappy situation!—How inconsistently am I acting—How deceiving myself?—deceiving this angel!—How little does she think that I am under the bondage of marriage!—Fly from her I must—Assist me in this severe conflict—I am miserable without hope of consolation—But do not suffer me—Heavens! do not suffer me to involve Adelina in a similar distress.—My time of late has been wholly spent in her company—If I attempt to ride, before I get half way out of the village I send back my horses, and go directly to the Doctor's—and if I walk, it terminates the same way—All amusements—all company,

pany, are joyless to me, unless she partakes in them—Indeed, go where I will, her praise is the subject of conversation—every tongue is loud in extolling her perfections—and if I retire to my closet, my heart receives, on reflection, more solid and confirmed impressions.—Where will this end?—In nothing fortunate, I am afraid—My God, how am I involved?—How am I to be extricated?—

L E T T E R XXII.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L---, August 28th.

YOUR letter gave me some consolation; but, alas! nothing can effectually relieve me.—I am preparing to follow your advice, as soon as my mind can be fixed to encounter so severe a trial.—Yes, my Adelina, I will leave thee—I will preserve thy honour—thy fame—and, I hope, thy happiness—What is it that bears a consideration, when put in competition with them—Nothing—nothing—I am resolved——

L E T -

L E T T E R XXIII.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, August 30th.

I Have, in confidence, opened my heart and intentions to Mr. and Mrs. S. They have, for some time, seen and lamented the occasion of my new distress, and they approve of the means you propose to remedy it, although hurtful to their feelings and their wish.—It is not for myself that I agree to the expedient of absence—It can be of no service in alleviating or removing my affections—affections! which the soul

F 4

must

must have inherited in its original nature and properties—The heart, once *so* fixed, can never know a second choice—can never vary from, nor lose in forgetfulness, the object which was designed for, and attached to it, by the laws of Nature and creative Omnipotence—But for Adelina's sake I will make this cruel experiment—I expect not to enjoy that supreme happiness, of joining my heart to a mutual love.—The bar that stops my passage to this divine attainment, is fixed—immovable—Pity me, then, but do not endeavour to console me—it will be of no effect—Let me indulge in that luxury of woe which my hard fate imposes.

I am not resolved on what method to pursue on my departure—I must consult Mrs. S—. Her amiable heart is bleeding for me—is bleeding for Adelina—How am I cursed in distressing those I esteem and love—I tremble at the dreadful task of unfolding the secret to Adelina—I see how much she will be affected by it—I see that it will be more than I can bear—

The Doctor is very ill, and has sent for me ; so good night—

LETTER XXIV.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L-----, August 31st.

I No sooner entered the Doctor's house last night, than I perceived some unusual perturbation in the family.—I went up to his room—he was in bed—and Adelina sat by it's side, crying.—At my entrance she started, and seemed violently agitated. “Heavens, Adelina!” I exclaimed, “what is the matter? Why “this sorrow?”—“O! my uncle, Sir,
“ is

“ is very ill.” — Her tender heart could say no more ; and she left the room, choaked with grief.—I followed, and assured her there could be no danger—and having soothed her, I returned to the Doctor, who was, by his appearance, very ill.—He desired me, in a low voice, to lock the door. “ My dear friend,” said he, “ you behold a wretch who has but a few hours to live—I have ventured on a cure for all my ills.—Burthened and oppressed as I have for some time been, with a passion which I could neither gratify nor eradicate, I have applied the only means in my power to silence the impetuosity and violence of my constitution,

“ by reducing it to it's original nothingness.”—By this I perceived that he had swallowed poison; and I stopped him from informing me of the cause of having done so, but insisted on his acquainting me with the nature of the drug.—Threats and persuasions at last prevailed, and I lost not a moment in administering the most powerful alteratives and repellants—They took effect, and, in a few hours, all fears of danger ceased—
 —I sat with him all night, and in the morning he was pretty well recovered—Neither his niece nor enquiring friends are acquainted with the cause of his illness; and I mean to keep it a profound secret even from Mr. S—.

—Adelina

—Adelina and I breakfasted in his room—The recovery of her uncle animated her spirits to such a happy temperament of vivacity and sweetness, as would have charmed to virtue even the inhuman ruiner of her father's life and fortune.—Her uncle, however, seemed only agitated and tortured by her increasing affiduities, and pressed a hasty meal.—When we had finished, he begged she would leave us, as he had something to communicate to me of much importance.—The dear girl turned pale, and left the room, with the tear swimming in her eye.—Having again locked the door by his desire, he proceeded—
“ Had you not interposed with your
“ friendship

“ friendship and skill, I had long ere
 “ this passed the gates of death, and
 “ been fixed in a state not to be re-
 “ versed nor amended. That event
 “ is suspended only for a short time—
 “ for I cannot live—But allow me to
 “ employ this interval in disclosing
 “ to you the secrets of my heart, and
 “ repairing any indiscretion or error
 “ which the disturbed state of my
 “ mind must have occasioned, when
 “ I adopted the resolution of ending
 “ my life—Let me thank you, my
 “ best friend, for having procured
 “ me this opportunity.—The benefit
 “ of your advice will greatly add to
 “ the adjustment of my affairs, and I
 “ know you will give it with candour
 “ and

“ and justice.—You must have ob-
 “ served, that for some time past my
 “ spirits and health have greatly de-
 “ creased—my former course of life
 “ become hateful to my sentiments,
 “ and inapplicable to my present con-
 “ duct.—The occasion of this change
 “ is not the effect of subsided pas-
 “ sions, but passions awed into re-
 “ straint and conversion, by the pow-
 “ erful influence of Virtue, Beauty,
 “ and Gracefulness.—I am sure I need
 “ not point out to you the object
 “ which has occasioned this reforma-
 “ tion—All who have seen Adelina
 “ must feel and confess the irresistible
 “ attractions of Modesty and Virtue,
 “ when combined with such perfec-
 “ tions

“ tions as she possesses.—Yes, my
 “ friend, ’tis she alone who has inno-
 “ cently occasioned these dreadful
 “ proceedings.—When she first came
 “ to my house, her improved form
 “ and face surprised me.—I saw su-
 “ perior beauty and gracefulness—
 “ but I saw her only as a mere wo-
 “ man, whose personal accomplish-
 “ ments constituted the whole of her
 “ perfections. I looked not for mind,
 “ sentiment, or principle.—These I
 “ had never seen cultivated or esteem-
 “ ed by the fair sex —A form, finish-
 “ ed by Art or Nature, to the stand-
 “ ard of fashion, was all I had ever
 “ observed to employ the female
 “ mind.—And I must confess, that
 “ under

“ under the impresson of these no-
 “ tions, I had formed designs inimi-
 “ cal to the honour and virtue of A-
 “ delina—But I was not suffered to
 “ enjoy long these base ideas.—Her
 “ prudent wit, and amiable manners,
 “ soon taught me to respect her; and
 “ her chaste modesty, and unaffected
 “ sensibility, called forth every fa-
 “ culty of my soul to the purest pas-
 “ sions of Love and Friendship.—The
 “ continual instances wherein I saw
 “ her add dignity to the most trifling
 “ concerns, raised my admiration of
 “ her to a state of phrenzy.—My
 “ whole time was alternately consu-
 “ med in melancholy and madness.—
 “ I strove much to conceal my af-
 “ fections,

“ fections, and more to conquer them.
 “ I reforted to diffipation, and plun-
 “ ged myself into excefs of debauch-
 “ eries—I endeavoured to regain my
 “ wonted opinions and inclinations—
 “ but in vain.—The pursuits which
 “ had formerly been my chief plea-
 “ sure, now appeared moft odious
 “ and deteftable.—I tried to reconcile
 “ confanguinity —difparity of years
 “ —and the chance that there was no
 “ pre-engagement—with an honour-
 “ able connection—Kindred was on-
 “ ly a fystematical objection, eafily
 “ over-ruled by a virtuous heart—
 “ age was of lefs confequence, be-
 “ caufe Caprice or Convenience might
 “ make it a matter of choice—but a
 “ heart

“ heart previously devoted was inca-
 “ pable of being diverted—and that
 “ this was the case, I had strong sus-
 “ picion ever since the unfortunate
 “ accident which happened on the
 “ fishing party.—Yet, under all these
 “ positive disadvantages, I was
 “ anxious to know her heart and sen-
 “ timents.—My peace, my happiness,
 “ my fate, depended on it—And *now*
 “ my doubts are cleared to a moral
 “ certainty.—Her accomplishments,
 “ you know, are many and elegant
 “ —but she possesses one—drawing
 “ —which, until very lately, I knew
 “ not of.—For several days past she
 “ has been much alone, and every in-
 “ terval of leisure has been spent in
 “ her

“ her own room.—I did not notice
 “ this change ; nor have I, in any
 “ instance, intruded on her privacy.
 “ —But yesterday morning, as I pas-
 “ sed by her dressing-room, the door
 “ stood half opened ; and, being ve-
 “ ry early, it alarmed me.—I stepped
 “ softly forward, and perceived her
 “ sitting in a morning dress, at her
 “ commode table ; and on it stood a
 “ small drawing-box, which I had
 “ not before seen.—Her left arm
 “ rested on the table, and the palm
 “ of her hand supported her reclining
 “ cheek.—In her right hand she held
 “ a drawing-pencil, in the attitude
 “ of designing—and her eyes were
 “ intently fixed on some object that
 “ lay

“ lay before her on the table, but
 “ which I could not distinguish.—
 “ There was a peculiar soft melan-
 “ choly thoughtfulness diffused over
 “ her countenance, and she seemed
 “ totally absorbed in study and con-
 “ templation.—Her whole soul ap-
 “ peared immovably engaged ; and I
 “ advanced a few steps to learn the
 “ cause.—The object was too stri-
 “ king to require hesitation in deci-
 “ ding what and who it was.—It was
 “ a full length miniature drawing—
 “ and the portrait—yours.—The fea-
 “ tures, manner, and soul, so strong-
 “ ly expressed, that till then I never
 “ saw the excellence, nor felt the
 “ power of the art.—My heart shrunk
 “ within

“ within it's limits, and my soul
 “ trembled at the certitude of its
 “ fate.—I retired unperceived; and
 “ as I went out at the door, I heard
 “ her rise up, and say,” ‘ I want no
 ‘ fittings to obtain a likeness; I can
 ‘ finish thee much better from the traits
 ‘ impressed on my wretched heart.’—

The poor man's sensations were violently agitated, and in me they were still more so.—The weakness of human nature overtook us, and we wept, from sympathy and mutual feelings. I entreated him to reserve the residue of what he had to say until the evening.—He wanted rest—he wanted a supply of spirits and composure to finish so affecting a task.—I was equally involved.

involved.—“ Do not leave me long,” said he, “ but go and give comfort “ to that angel’s heart—suffer it not, “ for one moment, to ach—satisfy “ her that I am better, and that you “ will”——He could not finish the sentence, but fell back in his bed, and sobbed most piteously.—It was fortunate for me that Adelina was in the garden when I went down.—I left a message for her with the servant, and hastened home, overwhelmed with solid woe——

L E T.

L E T T E R XXV.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 2d.

IS it the common inheritance of man, or is it peculiar to my destiny, to be wretched in every pursuit and connection through life? What honour can the Deity derive from torturing a wretch, a reptile like me?—To what wise purpose can it tend? Can it exalt his fame, or can it add to his pleasure? Oh! no; the thought is impious blasphemy.—*Thou!* whose mercy extends through all thy mighty works

works—who touchest not the meanest of thy creatures, but in wisdom, tenderness, and justice—only thou knowest to what end I was created, and for what purpose I am unhappy!—Yet if I offend not in preferring an humble prayer—do thou enable me to bear my sufferings with resignation, and my joys with a grateful heart!—Correct my passions, or destroy them!—And oh! let thy will be the eternal law of my soul!

Such is my present temper of mind, that I have not power to transcribe the sequel of the poor unhappy Doctor's narrative—To-morrow, perhaps—Adieu!—

LETTER XXVI.

MR. C ---- TO MR. H ---, LONDON.

L ----, September 4th.

I Returned, as I had promised, early in the evening, to the Doctor's.—He was sitting in the parlour, with a bundle of papers lying before him, and Adelina was reading the beautiful poem of Monimia.—On my entering she laid it down, and was going to retire; but I led her back to her seat, and intreated her to finish it.—“Do, my dear,” said her uncle, “I feel
 “how

“ how much sentiment can attach the
“ heart.”—She sweetly complied—

“ Of all the promises of youth,
“ The tears, the tenderness of truth,
“ The throbs that lovers send !
“ The vows in one another’s arms,
“ The mutual sympathy of charms,
“ My God, is this the end !”

Her melodious voice, and harmonious accents, conveyed the words in such sweet and softened sounds of affliction, as soothed the turbulent, and collected the scattered passions to listen most attentively to this tale of real sorrow—Every word was numbered with a tear—I could not raise my head—her uncle was worse—he

fobbed as if his heart was bursting—
her voice faltered—yet she proceed-
ed—

“Waves that resound from shore to shore,

“Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar,

“Of ocean, storm, and wind !

“Your elemental war is tame,

“To that which rages in my frame,

“The battle of the mind.”

With downcast eyes, in musing mood,

A lucid interval she stood

The victim of despair ;

Her arms then tossing to the skies,

In sobs and broken accents cries,

“My God ! my Father ! where !”

The last line choaked the passage
of utterance, her articulation failed,
and a shower of tears burst from her
eyes.

eyes.—“ It is too much—it is too much,” exclaimed the Doctor, and cried like a child.—I threw myself on my knees at her side, and grasped her hand—“ Oh Adelina !”—it was all I could say—my head fell on her arm, and she leaned her cheek on mine—It was bathed with the heavenly-distilled drops of sensibility, and infused a warmth into my soul that filled me with ecstasy and rapture. Forgive me, my friend, if, in those moments, I forgot my situation, forgot the honour of my nature, and the happiness of others, to indulge in the divine luxury of sentimental misery and mutual affliction.—Worlds would have been trifles, in my estimation,

to what I then felt—to what I still feel.—Heaven itself could not have balanced the blessing—The touch of her cheek—the pressure of her body—the throbbing of her bosom—and the palpitation of her heart—are sunk within the centre of my soul, and there will remain while that indefinable spirit has a being.

The Doctor's violence of passion roused us—he rather ran than walked about the room—and his exclamation, “Why do I live? Why do I live?” brought back my recollection, and Adelina's fears.—It was some time before we could restore him to calmness, and then not so effectually as to support him through the remainder of
of

of his narrative—I therefore prevailed on him to defer it till the next day.—It was late before I left him; but poor Adelina went early to bed.—This man, who a very few weeks, nay, days ago, had a store of health and chearfulness, and a mind untouched with care or grief—is now shrunk to a shadow—melancholy—and most keenly afflicted with the bitterness of sorrow.—Adieu, my dear friend—Adieu—

LETTER XXVII.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L-----, September 7th.

IN the morning I found the poor unhappy man very weak ; but he would not any longer delay to finish his fatal history.

“ You will pardon me, my best
“ friend, when I inform you, that
“ not only my envy, but my rage,
“ were directed against you.—How
“ I got down stairs I knew not, nor
“ what were my actions and situation,
“ until I found myself stretched on
“ the

“ the ground, by the mulberry-tree,
 “ at the bottom of the great bank in
 “ the orchard.—I looked up, and
 “ perceived that some heavy body
 “ had swept away the dew, with part
 “ of the earth and grass, from the
 “ top to the bottom. The motion
 “ must have been rapid, for the im-
 “ pressions were deep and strong.—
 “ My hat lay at some distance from
 “ me—I took it up, and returned to
 “ the house—In my way through the
 “ garden, I perceived, that Adeli-
 “ na’s little parterre of shrubs and
 “ evergreens was totally deranged—
 “ the pots thrown down—and the
 “ plants destroyed.—The reflection
 “ smote me to the heart; for I saw

“ the traces of my feet on all the bor-
 “ ders.—As I entered the parlour,
 “ where she was waiting breakfast for
 “ me, she started at my appearance—
 “ My dear uncle, where have you
 “ been? What is the matter? You
 “ are all over stained with clay and
 “ grafs—you look ill—very ill.—
 “ Your countenance is quite chan-
 “ ged, and you seem displeased and
 “ shocked; has any misfortune hap-
 “ pened to you? Has any person used
 “ you ill, or offended you!—Let me
 “ send to Mr. S—’s for Mr. C—; he
 “ will advise—he will assist you.—I
 “ know the confidence and depend-
 “ ance you have on his friendship and
 “ skill—and I know he will be happy
 “ in

“ in serving you”—And she rang the bell—“ He can do me no good—I want none of his advice or friendship—I wish I had never seen him.”—The servant opened the door.—“ You are not wanted”—“ O my uncle ! how you frighten me !—how your looks, your words pierce my heart—They are daggers to my soul ! For Heaven’s sake, relieve me from the most dreadful apprehension, and explain the mystery—It is not possible that Mr. C—could incur your displeasure—he whose disposition and manners are the unerring examples of all that is humane, elegant, and virtuous—whose nature and con-

“ duct are so mild and blameless that
 “ he would not offend, far less dis-
 “ tress, the meanest reptile—Nor
 “ would he contend in anger with any
 “ being, unless in the defence of in-
 “ jured Virtue, and oppressed Inno-
 “ cence.—And, I am persuaded, that
 “ your present dislike to him must
 “ proceed only from his having stood
 “ up in behalf of some helpless and
 “ oppressed object—And if so, may
 “ Heaven reward, bless, and pre-
 “ serve him !”—“ Damn him—and I
 “ threw myself on the sofa, foaming
 “ with rage. I know you will excuse
 “ me ; but the combining incidents
 “ of the morning, and the interest-
 “ ing, elevated warmth with which
 “ she

“ she spoke your just praise, drove
 “ me to despair and distraction—I
 “ started up—Damn him, he a-
 “ lone is the cause of my present tor-
 “ ment, and I will this instant sacri-
 “ fice him—and stept towards that
 “ side of the room where the pistols
 “ were hanging—she saw my inten-
 “ tion and flew, with every mark of
 “ despairing wildness in her counte-
 “ nance and action, to intercept me
 “ —and as I laid hold of the case in
 “ which the pistols were, she shriek-
 “ ed aloud—‘ O mercy Heaven!’
 “ and fell lifeless at my feet.—There
 “ needed no other motive than this
 “ affecting scene to soften my rage,
 “ and divert my base and mad designs
 “ —I ran

“ —I ran to the shop and returned
“ without bringing what I went for
“ —I curst myself—the world—and
“ even Heaven, for having suffer-
“ ed me to destroy the angel that lay
“ senseless before me.—My distrac-
“ tion was now greater than before,
“ but of a very different kind—it was
“ for Adelina’s life!—I roared with
“ the utmost vehemence—the maids
“ came into the room—they unbut-
“ toned her morning dress, and had
“ not some signs of returning life
“ then appeared, I should have turn-
“ ed the fatal instrument against my-
“ self, which was designed for you—
“ she lay on the carpet with her head
“ resting on the servant’s lap, and
“ the

“ the moment her recollection of the
 “ cause, which had produced her pre-
 “ sent situation, returned, she hastily
 “ raised her head and darted a look
 “ of the most fearful wildness to
 “ where the pistols hung—she saw
 “ they were still there—her eyes then
 “ rapidly turned upon me, with the
 “ most fierce and poignant upbraid-
 “ ings—she sighed piteously—laid
 “ down her head, and muttered ‘ I
 “ will return home—O that I had
 “ never left it !’ “ This was a severe
 “ reproof to me—I felt my own un-
 “ worthiness—I felt ashamed and
 “ mortified—I felt the baseness to
 “ which I was reduced by a hopeless
 “ and unconquerable passion—her in-
 “ nocence

“ nocence and sensibility—your no-
 “ bleness and humanity—struck me
 “ with the enthusiasm of imitation—
 “ it was then I felt the necessity, and
 “ formed the resolution of putting
 “ an end to my life.—Such a sacrifice
 “ only could relieve me—only could
 “ atone for my past offences against
 “ Innocence and Virtue—could give
 “ peace to Adelina—and the choice
 “ of happiness to my friend—I felt
 “ calmed and satisfied with this de-
 “ termination—the warmth of disin-
 “ terested love glowed in my heart,
 “ and enlightened every faculty of
 “ my soul—I would have parted with
 “ a thousand lives to have removed
 “ Adelina’s fears—to have restored
 “ her

“ her former tranquility, and again
 “ shared her confidence.—The ex-
 “ treme of tenderness succeeded the
 “ extreme of rage.—I humbled my-
 “ self before her in all the soothing
 “ and sorrowing contrition of a truly
 “ repentant spirit—the sudden change
 “ pleased and revived her—and as
 “ the servants and I placed her on a
 “ chair, she said, ‘ What fiend of
 ‘ mischief could have occasioned this
 ‘ dreadful difference—to provoke you
 ‘ to such horrid menaces?’ “ She
 “ looked at the pistols and burst in-
 “ to tears—it was a presage of
 “ lessening grief—and I was rejoiced
 “ to see those beautiful emanations of
 “ the heart flow so plentifully.—It
 “ is

“ impossible for the most hardened
 “ heart to behold innocence and vir-
 “ tue suffering without being softened
 “ —I was more—I felt all the mortifi-
 “ cation of self-convicted malice
 “ and meanness, and fought only
 “ how to supersede so despicable a
 “ situation—her enquiring eyes awed
 “ me to a stupid silence—I dared not
 “ to raise my head, nor could I ut-
 “ ter my sentiments—I had every dis-
 “ position to satisfy her—to remove
 “ her grief—her anxiety—her doubts
 “ —but the conscious inequality of
 “ my conduct with her’s checked me
 “ —But stimulated by the positive
 “ necessity of doing justice to her—
 “ to you—and to myself—I ordered
 “ the

“ the servant out of the room, and
 “ thus addressed her—“ Let me en-
 “ treat my dearest niece to suppress
 “ those angry looks, and to judge of
 “ her unhappy uncle not as he *has*
 “ acted, but as he *will act*. An in-
 “ tention to offend her never did,
 “ nor can exist with him—his late
 “ conduct can scarcely by himself be
 “ accounted for—the cause was not
 “ unnatural, but unfortunate—and
 “ although I feel the flames which
 “ lighted up that paroxysm of phren-
 “ zy in my brain, still burning with
 “ unabating violence in my heart, yet
 “ the certainty of destroying the in-
 “ nocent cause by persisting in a fruit-
 “ less and defenceless pursuit, has re-
 “ stored

“ stored me to honour, though lost
 “ to happiness—The man, whom I
 “ threatened, is of all others the near-
 “ est my heart and esteem—and so
 “ far from attempting his life, I
 “ would lay down my own to make
 “ him happy, because I know he de-
 “ serves to be so”—‘ And has my
 ‘ dear uncle had no quarrel with
 ‘ Mr. C.’ interrupted Adelina eagerly,
 ‘ has he no malice nor cause of
 ‘ revenge against him?’—“ None,
 “ my dear, none—she fell upon her
 “ knees, and kissed my hand with
 “ fervent rapture—her eyes sparkling
 “ through the tributary tear of Grati-
 “ tude, with the most expressive joy.”
 ‘ Bless my dear uncle, bless him—
 ‘ and

‘ and Oh that I could remove from
 ‘ his mind every thing that may
 ‘ cause him the least disquietude.’
 “ ——I could not answer, and as
 “ I raised her to a chair, a small
 “ case of white satin dropt from her
 “ bosom—it opened as it fell, and
 “ unfolded your portrait—she hastily
 “ snatched it up, but not without
 “ perceiving that I had seen it—her
 “ face, from extreme paleness, was in-
 “ stantly flushed with the bloom of
 “ the rose—and as quickly rechanged
 “ —She held the picture in her hand,
 “ and trembled violently—I saw her
 “ distress and confusion—and that
 “ my absence only could relieve us
 “ both—I went into my surgery, and
 im-

“ immediately after, heard her go up
 “ to her own room—the resolution
 “ which I had taken from necessity,
 “ now became a principle of choice,
 “ founded on solid and incontestable
 “ grounds—I had outlived Pleasure,
 “ I had outlived Hope—the world to
 “ me was comprised in one object be-
 “ yond my reach—Wretched to my-
 “ self, and unprofitable to society,
 “ for what end, for what use could
 “ my existence be prolonged?—none.
 “ —I therefore sat down with firm-
 “ ness and composure, first to make
 “ my will, and then—my exit.—I
 “ had but one bequest to make, and
 “ few conditions and instructions—
 “ my will was therefore soon com-
 “ pleted

“ pleted—I wrote a letter to you,
 “ and made a statement of all my
 “ affairs—having thus settled my ac-
 “ count with the world, I returned
 “ to the parlour to finish my life—
 “ the pistols were removed, as were
 “ every other hostile instrument
 “ which had been there in the morn-
 “ ing—my profession furnished me
 “ with means almost as speedy, and
 “ equally as powerful, and I resorted
 “ to them without hesitation—I em-
 “ braced the potion as my last and
 “ best friend—to life I could annex
 “ no ideas of happiness—to death
 “ no apprehension nor terror—the
 “ last convulsive throws—the last
 “ rendings of my heart I considered
 “ and

“ and believed would be the last of
 “ all perceptible feeling through the
 “ vast regions of eternity—as such I
 “ entered on the business of death,
 “ without those pitiful interruptions
 “ from a hypocritical conscience, ir-
 “ rational mistaken conception, and
 “ systems of religion unsupported
 “ by reason, or even common sense
 “ —but I will not trouble you with
 “ my opinions—I know they do not
 “ coincide with yours—Adelina has
 “ removed my prejudices against a
 “ refined passion—but who can re-
 “ move the prejudices against a fu-
 “ ture state?—I see you are offended
 “ —I will have done—indeed my
 “ spirits are quite exhausted.

“ The

“ The interval between administer-
 “ ing the fatal draught, and its first
 “ symptoms of operation, was a
 “ dreadful space—I went privately
 “ to bed, and had determined not to
 “ see my poor Adelina again—but the
 “ thoughts of the distress she must
 “ feel when my fate should be finished
 “ and made known to her, urged me
 “ to discover to her my approaching
 “ end, though not the cause of it.—
 “ The alarm of my bell was a suffi-
 “ cient messenger—in a moment she
 “ was by my bed-side, pale and agi-
 “ tated—with tenderness streaming
 “ from her eyes—a nobleness of soul,
 “ and dignity of mind, pervading her
 “ countenance and manner, she sweet-

“ ly expressed her anxiety and fears”
 “ —Have I offended my dear uncle ?
 “ Have the guiltless indiscretions of
 “ an inexperienced heart deprived me
 “ of his confidence and friendship,
 “ and rendered me unworthy to share
 “ in his trouble, or administer to his
 “ wants ? What have I done to be
 “ excluded from performing the du-
 “ ties of my situation in your family,
 “ especially at a time when your
 “ health requires so much the atten-
 “ tion of a careful and affectionate
 “ nurse ; and your mind, seemingly,
 “ the consolation of a faithful friend ?
 “ I will not presume to say that my
 “ abilities are fully adequate to the
 “ duties of those offices—but, in point
 “ of

‘ of affection, sincerity, and inten-
 ‘ tion, I will yield to no one.—The
 ‘ involuntary wanderings of my heart
 ‘ have not interfered with my duty,
 ‘ nor in any instance diverted my at-
 ‘ tention from your interest and hap-
 ‘ piness.—The tender and affectionate
 ‘ manner with which you have always
 ‘ treated me, and the essential con-
 ‘ cerns with which you have trusted
 ‘ me, made me feel my situation the
 ‘ happiest in the world—and I own
 ‘ that these indulgences greatly flat-
 ‘ tered my vanity, and elated this
 ‘ heart of mine to acts of innocent
 ‘ presumption, but they never made
 ‘ me forget the deference and respect
 ‘ due to my uncle—my father—and

‘ my friend.—It is therefore that
 ‘ your distrustful conduct, now,
 ‘ makes me so wretched—It is true
 ‘ I am but a woman—a young—sim-
 ‘ ple—timid, and unexperienced wo-
 ‘ man—susceptible of all the infir-
 ‘ mities incident to my sex—yet—I
 ‘ feel there are certain passions which
 ‘ possess the soul with fortitude and
 ‘ magnanimity, and inspire the mind
 ‘ to think and act above the common
 ‘ concerns of life, and level of my
 ‘ sex—My dear uncle will, there-
 ‘ fore, be so good as to make me
 ‘ useful to him, by intrusting me
 ‘ with whatever may be necessary to
 ‘ make me so, and I think he will not
 ‘ find his confidence ill-placed.—I
 ‘ have

‘ have for some time observed, with
 ‘ much sorrow, the uneasiness that
 ‘ hangs about you—and if, by my
 ‘ presence, attention, and services, I
 ‘ cannot assist in removing or alle-
 ‘ viating it, I must conclude that my
 ‘ absence may.’—“ Her words were
 “ daggers sharper and keener than the
 “ poison which rankled in my heart.
 “ Thou most excellent and most
 “ amiable of women! I exclaimed,
 “ entertain not such sentiments of
 “ your unhappy uncle—I would a-
 “ void, if possible, distressing thy ten-
 “ der nature—but my fate is upon
 “ me, and my life drawing fast to a
 “ final period—be not alarmed, my
 “ dear Adelina—thou wilt be the hap-

“ priest of women, and that thought
 “ is the only consolation I find in these
 “ awful moments—enquire no farther,
 “ but, believe me, that thou art
 “ dearer to my heart than Heaven to
 “ the zealot’s soul.”

‘ O, my uncle, do not talk so—
 ‘ Heaven will, I hope, preserve you
 ‘ in life and health for many years!—
 ‘ Your spirits are depressed, and your
 ‘ mind seems disturbed—I wish you
 ‘ would permit me to send for——
 ‘ How unfortunate! — Instruct me
 ‘ how to prepare some cordial for
 ‘ your relief—I know what will do
 ‘ you good’—“ and away she ran down
 “ stairs.—I felt my fate approaching,
 “ and I wished to see you, as well to
 “ satisfy

“ satisfy Adelina, as to gratify my-
 “ self.—I likewise recollected some
 “ material omissions in the statement
 “ of my affairs, which were absolute-
 “ ly necessary for my executors to be
 “ acquainted with—I therefore rang
 “ the bell—Adelina instantly appear-
 “ ed :—Will you send, my dear, for
 “ Mr. C—— ? I want his immediate
 “ advice and assistance.—She started,
 “ hesitated, and looked wildly round
 “ the room—I repeated my request,
 “ assuring her, that you only could
 “ give me ease and consolation.—The
 “ servant that instant coming into the
 “ room, she gave directions accord-
 “ ingly, but with visible and violent
 “ emotion. I, however, perfectly

“ pacified her before your arrival,
 “ and removed every trait of apprehension from her mind.—What succeeded you best know, for you was the chief actor.—I little thought that you could have forced from me the secret cause of my situation, far less that your skill could have stayed its operation—but—you have always overpowered me, either by example, precept, or ability—My heart is now wholly before you—but do not condemn me, unless you can, by any other mode than that which I have adopted, correct my feelings, and assuage my passions.—I must entreat your forgiveness, for having, without
 “ leave,

“ leave, mentioned you the sole exe-
 “ cutor to my will—here it is—I
 “ wish it to remain under your care, un-
 “ til it shall be wanted, which will not
 “ be long—Here is likewise an exact
 “ statement of all my effects, arranged
 “ and particularized, so as to remove
 “ every difficulty that otherwise might
 “ occur in the execution of your of-
 “ fice. The whole of my wealth I
 “ have left without reserve, limita-
 “ tion, or controul, to Adelina—and
 “ having so done, I have now no far-
 “ ther business with life.—Should
 “ peevish Virtue and Ill-nature find
 “ fault with my character, and revile
 “ my conduct—should the pitiless
 “ and unfeeling world censure my life

“ and conversation—or the ignorant
 “ and narrow-minded reproach my
 “ memory, or attribute base motives
 “ to my fate—try to remove those
 “ impressions—and endeavour, with
 “ mercy, charity, and compassion, to
 “ cover and extenuate the frailties and
 “ failings of your unhappy friend.—
 “ I am a dreadful example of human
 “ infirmity—the passion, to which I
 “ fall a sacrifice, used to be my scorn
 “ and derision—I laughed at the whi-
 “ ning lover, and the doating husband
 “ —variety and gratification were the
 “ only objects of my pursuit—and, un-
 “ til I knew Adelina, I knew not that
 “ love of women had any other mean-
 “ ing annexed to it—but now I feel
 “ the

“ the fatal conviction of the contrary,
 “ and yield obedience to a power
 “ which I cannot subdue but by my
 “ own destruction.”

The unhappy man thus finished his narrative, and as he finished it, he fainted—his spirits were quite exhausted—no wonder—nor were mine much better—I was equally concerned, and much more interested—but I had strength and presence of mind to recover him without giving any alarm—I then called the servants—Adelina appeared—O how heavenly charming did she look!—I had not power to remonstrate with him on his pernicious principle and intentions—I put his papers in my pocket for fear of a

discovery, and left him with Adelina, while I took a walk in the garden to recruit my spirits—as I will now, for the same purpose, wish you a good night.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 8th.

THE impressions received in infancy and youth are not only the most strong but the most lasting, and are seldom if ever eradicated; they grow with our years, and at last become fixed and unalterable principles in the progress of our religion, politics and manners, and it often happens that the most powerful evidence of fatal experience cannot produce conviction,
nor

nor abolish them from our life and conversation.

The poor Doctor comes exactly under this description. In his younger days he associated with those accommodating spirits, who apply all things to sensual indulgences, without admitting of a higher gratification. *Religion* they hold as a system, invented merely to keep the vulgar in awe and restraint.—*Women*, a simple convenience and sensual associate to man;—and the *Laws of Society* binding, only, when they cannot safely be broken to some advantage of pleasure or profit.—*Life* a mystery—and *Death* the end of all our woes. Something like this did the unhappy Doctor urge as an apology

apology for his late conduct, when I reasoned with him on the impropriety of it.

You know the violence of my temper and the warmth of my zeal when the wisdom, benevolence and perfection of the Divine Being are called in question or reflected on. I lose all patience and calmness when I find men forming systems and combining ideas with a view to give credit and consequence to their pursuits, as well as to disgrace the order, beauty and design of Nature. I was therefore warm in my remonstrances with him, and perhaps too harsh in my conclusions. At first he attended to me with patience and seeming satisfaction

—but

—but he soon grew disturbed and agitated; Horror sat upon his countenance, Wildness was in his looks, and trembling seized every limb; at last, with the utmost vehemence, he exclaimed, “ For heaven’s sake cease, and save me from the reproach of my own heart! Let me sink into forgetfulness without knowing the extent of my wretchedness, or the certainty of my future punishments. Conviction now would damn me.— At present I have some consolation in thinking that I am guiltless of having either perverted Nature, or injured Society!—Do not therefore undeceive me! For I feel a presaging spirit harassing my soul with the dreadful

ful

ful apprehension that I shall become a convert to your doctrines, if you proceed, and bring the curse of infamy on my mind as well as on my memory." Compassion stopt me—and he soon became calm and composed—my heart was sadly oppressed, I felt passions and anticipated situations which said a great deal for this unhappy man. I left him to reflection—solidly confirmed, from the dreadful example he had given, that whatever sentiment or action does not strictly accord with the love of life, and happiness of our fellow creature, is unnatural, impolitic and inhuman.—Adieu.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIX.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L---, September 10th.

STRONGLY impressed with the subject which had agitated my last conversation with the Doctor, I could not wear it from my mind.—I was shocked at the strange manner in which he had connected and combined ideas, so opposite site to each other—so inconsistent with the constitution of Nature, the conduct of rational life, and the attributes and dignity of a God—and it excited my utmost wonder and astonishment to find, among the human race,

race, beings so destitute of observation and reflection as to form such notorious absurdities, and bring them within the limits of their faith and credit—to place the design of man's creation wholly and finally on temporal enjoyments, and the limited and imperfect blessings of this life, is, though almost a general opinion, a very palpable absurdity, and so far from its proving any thing against a future state, proves, by its fallacy, the direct contrary. It is a self-evident and positive fact, that the whole of the human race inherit and possess an indefinite passion, which all the varied round of earthly enjoyments cannot satisfy ;—a hope—a desire—
which

which stretches the mind to something unattainable in this life—something beyond a mortal state. Had the Divine Being intended that our natural life should have comprised all our blessings, as well as finished our fate, he would have formed and modelled our passions to the circumstance—our hopes would have been completed—our desires gratified—and our happiness perfected. But the design was infinite.—He wisely placed us in a state of probation, where the grandeur of our nature and conceptions, with the vast objects which surround us, should inculcate a sufficient knowledge of our own importance, and lead the most imperfect

fect of rational beings to distinguish a God—a motive—and a consequence—and prompt us to act agreeable to the impulses which these amazing creations excite. Our conduct here was to determine our fate hereafter, and place us in either a more elegant world or a less happy one than this—where it is probable, by a succession of progressive trials, we shall at last reach a state of perfect ease, peace and happiness. These sentiments are in my soul—they not only correspond with our feelings and the progress of human nature, but they are perfectly consistent with the divine and unerring wisdom of a God.—Men may and will form systems to suit their
various

various inclinations and pursuits—
 but I can admit nothing into my
 faith and practice which does not
 enlighten my soul and carry with it
 the full approbation of all my senses,
 and a perfect coincidence with Nature
 and Reason.—

O, my friend! if the joys we possess here are all we have to expect—
 how justly may we accuse the Author
 of our being with wantonness and
 cruelty, by having cursed us with
 passions, without the means of grati-
 fication; and made us sensible of sor-
 row and pain, without a blessing to
 counterbalance them.—The sentiment
 is impious.

The

The Doctor's health is, I perceive, fast declining; but his mind is astonishingly recovered and composed—he has profited by reflection—and good sense has at last prevailed over the prejudices of education—he is weary of life—and solicitous to die—Death opens to him new prospects—new charms—and he is anxious to take possession. My attendance on him has been almost constant ever since his illness—he is so melancholy when I leave him at night, and so chearful at my return in the morning, that I am equally depressed with his sorrow—and agitated with his solicitude. But, alas! my friend, to what does all this tend? I am heaping coals upon a fire which is consum-

ing

ing me—and pouring sorrow into the cup that already overflows.—Oh! what a bitter draught have I to drink! The glass is trembling in my feeble hands, poised between necessity and irresolution—alike afraid to raise it to my lips—or dash it to the ground.—Dreadful—dreadful situation!—Adelina baffles all my fortitude—but I see—I feel the necessity of my leaving this place!—It must be so.

L E T.

L E T T E R X X X.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 14th.

STILL am I held under the bondage of my own heart, and every little incident seems to strengthen the cords that bind me. To-day, as I was sitting with the Do^{ct}or and Adelina, the one reading, the other embroidering a waistcoat, my own misfortunes took possession of my mind, and I sunk into thoughtfulness and silent meditation. Lost to every thing around me, I did

V o L. I.

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not

not perceive that the Doctor had ceased to read, and Adelina to work, until an involuntary and heavy sigh, which escaped from my wretched bosom, roused me; sensible and ashamed of my weakness, I hastily raised my head and endeavoured to look chearful and composed, but when I met Adelina's eyes, they gave a new sensation to my heart, and told me how very much my behaviour had disturbed her peace. Her face was covered with tears, and her tender expressive countenance shewed me fully the state of her heart. With the most innocent familiarity and sweetest solicitude she laid her hand upon my knee, her tears starting afresh—"You are not well, sir," she said,

said, "you are unhappy—something
 " has disturbed you—Can my uncle,
 " can I be of any use to you? Com-
 " mand us, for we owe you every
 " thing; yet, our gratitude is not so
 " strong as our inclinations."—I had
 taken hold of her hand when she first
 placed it on my knee, and, as she ut-
 tered the last sentence, she fervently
 pressed mine in both hers.—The Doc-
 tor caught hold of the other—"For
 " Heaven's sake," said he, "be not
 " unhappy if I have the power to
 " make you otherwise."—I leaned
 my head upon Adelina's arm—but my
 eyes were dry. Passion exceeded the
 power of speech, and silence gave to
 the swelling heart, and throbbing bo-
 som,

som, a sensation which language destroys.—The sudden and unexpected arrival of a female visitor, very opportunely relieved us. I took a turn into the garden to ease my bursting heart, and recover composure of mind as well as of countenance.—Adelina and her friend soon joined me—I assumed a flow of spirits which were not patronized by my heart—Adelina, therefore, saw the deception, and although I endeavoured to be unaffected, yet her uneasiness remained when I took my leave late in the evening.—How am I distressing this angel, and all around me.—It must not be—Adieu.

L E T-

L E T T E R X X X I.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 15th.

MY reflections, during the night, on the expedience and necessity of my leaving this place, had fully determined me to put it into execution; the motive was solely the happiness of Adeline!—What a blessing is it, thought I, to suffer for those we love—it is allotted to me, and I will embrace it with chearfulness. Pleased with this temporary vanity, I went, early

this morning, to the Doctor's—they were at breakfast, and both in visible uneasiness.—“ You are come in good time,” said the Doctor, “ for we were just on the point of quarrelling—Adelina will have it, that the countenance cannot appear grave and serious unless the mind is afflicted.—Now, I conceive that gravity of countenance is constitutional, and simply a quality of the body. You shall decide between us.”—“ My decision, Doctor, must be unfavourable to your proposition ; for though there are some countenances who do not possess one active feature, nor ever exhibited a smile, yet it must be considered that persons of this complexion are almost incapable

ble

ble of feeling either sorrow or joy ; they are generally of a subtle heart, and a dark and unfathomable disposition, therefore their countenance admits but of one character—but the open, chearful countenance expresses all the passions as they rise, and actuate the soul ; and the features of such are never susceptible of sorrow, but when the mind is afflicted.” Adelina looked very significantly at her Uncle. —“ Yesterday,” I continued, “ my mind was in a state of disquietude ; to-day the impression is totally removed, and, I apprehend, that my countenance has, in both instances, destroyed your argument, Doctor.” His own countenance, and Adelina’s, as well as

their tongues, instantly corroborated my testimony. Adelina seemed quite transported, and her happiness had nearly thrown me into a relapse.—

What a day have I spent—I am looking up to Heaven, and gazing at perfection, whilst the earth is sinking from beneath me.—Adieu.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXII.

MR. C----- TO MR. H--- LONDON.

L-----, September 18th.

IT gives me much and real pleasure to see the poor Doctor so resigned to his fate, and so chearful under his afflictions.—What a wonderful change ! His passions seem to act wholly in extremes ; and I foresee that he will die as rigid and zealous a fanatic and religionist, as he has lived a libertine and debauchee. In one instance only is he reformed ; he confesses, with all

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his

his soul, that the female sex possess virtue, and that women are capable of inspiring the heart of man with a pure and refined passion, free from every sensual desire, and interested motive ; and that neither the love of life, the fear of death, nor dread of damnation, can lessen or destroy it.— This is the effect of conviction, he says, and is solidly fixed in his mind— but in his conceptions of the Author of Nature, the qualities of the mind, and the moral rectitude of the heart, he is led, by a new-adopted enthusiasm, into the most gross and diabolical errors.—He ascribes to his God passions, which mankind are ashamed of. He has been of late, privately, visited
by

by a sect of preachers, who, to the disgrace of this country, are suffered to inculcate and teach principles which are inimical to Society—the rights of Nature—and the Attributes of God: and those wretches deem their works holy and profitable, because their disciples are numerous.—Such is the infatuation of these poor, weak, deluded creatures, that they are carried to the gates of death in exultation and joy, although their life has been one continued scene of impiety, and their last words blasphemy and profanation.—The argument, so often and generally used, that quieting the mind by removing the scruples of conscience, is a praise-worthy deed, let the man-

ner of doing it be ever so absurd, is, of all others, the most abominable and irreligious. As well may they say, that Error and Deception lead to happiness; and that the suppression of Reason, and the keeping mankind in Ignorance, are the only effectual means to please God, and procure salvation.—Man needs but a proper knowledge of himself, to form his religion and his morals.—O, thou Divine Being, grant me this knowledge, and I trust that neither my life, nor death, will disgrace the design of my creation !

Adieu—God bless you.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 20th.

WHEN I went to the Doctor's this morning, he was at his prayers, and Adelina at her toilette—I went to my wonted retreat in the garden—Adelina's bower.—It is an assemblage of the hardy shrubs and evergreens which I have arranged into a miniature form of her grandfather's cottage. The work was carried on mutually—it was my employment to plant—it was Adelina's to water; and, in our
joint

joint labour, the first pair in Paradise were not so happy. It has been some time compleated, and on that event we dedicated it to Love and Innocence. Adelina was constituted patroness, I was deputed governor ;— this little bower stands in a part of the garden which she calls hers, and overlooks the orchard, which is divided from the garden by a sloping shrubbery, and a small Chinese railing that runs along the skirts of it. It is here that Adelina and I have spent many sweet and happy hours—All her leisure time is appropriated to its improvement and decoration. 'Tis here that she constantly resorts when alone, and 'tis here she pays her gratitude

titude and thanks to Heaven. I sat down on the seat which she generally occupies—my heart felt warmed, revived and exhilarated. Some rose-trees, which she had trained to twine and mingle with the myrtles, seemed yielding to the season : the bloom was gone—the leaves were falling—and the stalks shrinking—the sap was exhausted, and the warmth of Nature was fast retiring, nor could Solicitude nor Care preserve them from decay.—“ How different,” said I, “ is their condition from mine. I must yield to a fate from which there is little probability I shall ever be redeemed ; but they will again revive—Spring and Adelina’s care will restore them to
their

their wonted beauty—in all the pride of verdure, bloom and fragrance will they again flourish.—Her gentle hand will guide their tender shoots through all the pleasing variety of fancied forms.—Here will she sit and see them grow—count every bud that blows, and number every shrub. — This myrtle, which I planted, is her favorite—in the evenings, when she waters it, she will think on me.—This little branch, this tendril, this very spot her hand may touch—her breath may warm;—while I, far distant, join thought to thought, and meet the action through the vision of my soul.—It must be so!—Wherever Fate shall fix my future residence, I'll rear

rear a bower like this—the form—the plants—the flowers shall be the same.—I'll twine my roses with my myrtles so—and lead my woodbines in the same fantastic waves.—My hours of labour and repose shall be the same with hers.—In the morning I will plant—and in the evening I will water.—I'll dedicate my bower the same, and she shall still be patroness.—Thus by similitude of sentiment, of labour and device, our souls will correspond and feel the influence of instinctive Love.”—These were my reflections—these the breathings of my soul.—I started up pleased and enraptured with the thought.—Adelina had just entered the garden—
her

her countenance was as the influence of the morning sun upon the dark vapours of the night.—My soul opened every faculty to joy and gladness; —the wealth of nations and the pride of monarchs sunk before me. And while she rested on my arm as we walked, the world might have turned round or stood still—it would have been the same to me. O, my friend, how much depends on fancy.—A warm imagination, with a well founded hope, give, perhaps, a more elevated happiness than the full gratification of all our wishes.—Adieu.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 21st.

LAST night I had a very interesting conversation with Mr. and Mrs. S.—their friendship and concern for me are unbounded. They urged, with delicacy and affection, the necessity of my departure, and were greatly pleased at finding me so readily disposed to follow their advice.—“You have trifled too long,” said Mrs. S. “Adelina’s affection for you is no longer a secret, and yours for her is equally visible. She can have no
motive

motive for reserve—you have.—Her innocence and purity of heart prevent her from examining strictly into your conduct—blinded, as well as you are, with the violence of affection, she does not see that there is any thing mysterious or irreconcilable in it. She sees that you love her, and she can see nothing else—that compleats every wish, and composes her mind into a perfect security.—She knows that your heart will never deceive her—nor your honour betray her—and she looks no further: but, you know, there is an immoveable bar which prevents you from acting either honestly or honourably.—You have given her hopes which you cannot

not fulfil—and are hourly impressing her with sentiments which you cannot realize—and which, in the end, will prove her curse. Let me intreat you then to apply the only remedy in your power to lessen those errors, and prevent future and more fatal ones from taking place.—I can easily perceive,” continued she, “that were there no impediment to your union, it would infallibly prove the most happy that Nature ever formed. In disposition, mind, sentiment, manner and gracefulness you are uniform and similar—you seem to inherit one and the same soul—and all who see you conclude that Nature designed you for each other, but at present it cannot be ;”

be;" and she burst into tears.—“Time may, however, do a great deal for you—I will not urge you to conquer your passion or wear it from your mind—I believe it would be impossible for you to do so—but every thing depends on your fortitude and resolution. I have often seen your distress. I have often participated in your sorrows—and I feel, in some degree, what you will suffer in this severe conflict, but the necessity is absolute—your own honor—the satisfaction of your friends—and the peace and happiness of Adelina, all urge you to the trial. The motives are powerful and irresistible which press you to this expedient—you have none to deter
you—

you—for, if I can judge of the integrity of a heart in love, you have as little to fear from a change in Adeline's as your own. When you are gone, perhaps, she may trust me with her passion—I think she will—It will be my study to sooth and comfort her.—I will be a mother as well as a friend—indeed my own children are not nearer my affections than she is—Persevere, and Providence will at last reward you both.” I absolutely clasped her in my arms—“Thou most excellent woman,” I exclaimed, “may Heaven bless and reward you; how truly have you pointed out my danger—how feelingly unfolded my conduct—and how affectionately

tionately have you administered consolation to my perishing hopes.—But my heart, dear madam, has not erred—long lost to its own feelings, and wandering in the joyless pursuit of life without an object to warm, or a motive to influence it—resigned to sorrow and fixt in despair!—No hope to indulge!—No feelings to gratify—it would have proceeded in this insipid state, to its last resort, the grave, had not that indefinable Power, to which my soul bends with happy assent, directed it to its natural image and associate,” saying, “Here is the prize of life: This is your right:—This is your inheritance:—And here is Nature’s warrant and authority,
which

which makes it firmly yours."—My heart confess the divine gift. The deed has been recorded in Heaven; and it is my peculiar privilege to ratify it on earth. A political bondage does not fetter my soul. My affection is an effect of Nature, and scorns the pitiful forms and ceremonies which bind the numerous herd of wretches down to convenient misery. —I detest it all—I was destined to the happy love of Adelina, and our souls were paired in the first design of creation. But cursed prejudice—the policy of little minds—a trick of human invention interposed—warpt my unsuspecting heart—placed a false image to my easy mind—and robbed me of

the lot which Heaven had ordained me. Shall I then give up my claim? My natural rights? Shall I resign my hope, and throw away the only blessing of my life? No! Never! Never! —I will however yield a perfect obedience to any imposed law, matter, or thing, which may be necessary for Adelina's peace and honour, but from no other consideration will I act—more than this would do a violence to my heart, and an injustice to my being. I have no second consideration when her happiness is at stake, *that* shall henceforth guide me, *that* alone shall rule my conduct—and it is *that* alone which now determines me to leave this place.—But the necessary

cessitous systems of society, and the narrowed sentiments of mankind have no influence over my heart, no interest in my principles."—My impetuosity and warmth carried me too far—I have no measure in such a theme.—It is a subject on which calmness would be a crime.—Mrs. S. appeared serious and seemingly offended—but she is a sensible woman.—Mr. S. smiled and was silent.—They saw the anguish of my soul, and suppressed their own sentiments to indulge my feelings.

We held a consultation of friendship, and it was agreed that Mrs. and Miss S. should drink tea with Adelina to-morrow, and Mr. S. and myself pay a long-promised visit, about six miles

from hence; and that Mrs. S. should take an opportunity casually to mention that I was going to leave them for a few weeks on some particular business. This will prepare and smooth the way for my taking leave, as well as soften the circumstance.

Mr. S. very earnestly presses me to spend the winter with his brother in Wales, but I have declined it from a very particular reason.—I am fixed in my own mind—Ireland is a country I have not seen, and Mr. M. has so often, and so kindly entreated me to spend a few months with him, that I propose to make him, now, a visit.—No matter where I go—the world has neither choice nor charm for me, if love and Adelina do not grace my dwelling.

The

The Doctor will be much affected at my going.—A fatal dropfy has just made its appearance, yet he may live a few months. Whenever the event of his death shall take place, I foresee the sorrow it will occasion to poor Adelina; but the friendship and amiable disposition of Mrs. S. give me much relief from what I otherwise should feel on this account.

I hope you will contrive to meet me on the road to Liverpool, and accompany me to that place—your friendly company will give me much consolation; and, perhaps, I may never have another opportunity to tell you, in person, how much, and how affectionately I am your's.

L E T T E R XXXV.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 22d.

I Thank you for the supply, it is both feasonable and fufficient.—I need not remind you of punctuality with a certain person, her wants may influence both criminality and complaint, which I should be sorry to hear.

Mrs. S. performed her friendly office admirably; the conversation happening to turn on a winter's journey to London.—“ We cannot fix on the time,” said Mrs. S. “ until Mr. C. returns,

returns, for he is going to leave us for a few weeks on some business of importance, and to go without him would be leaving half our pleasure behind." Adelina, she says, received the intelligence with visible emotion; and Miss S. who knew nothing of it before, accompanied her with her tears. This had a good effect with Adelina, it was a sanction to her own sensibility, and gave an unrestrained licence to her feelings. The Doctor was extremely affected—"I am disappointed," said he, "in all my hopes and wishes: I had flattered myself that he would have been present when a certain event shall happen, and seen the last duties of his friend performed;

but he will not return in time—and I submit.”—Poor man—how my heart bleeds for him!—Mrs. S. had some private and affecting conversation with Adelina:—“She is an invaluable treasure,” she says, “and possesses a mind and nobleness of sentiment far above any that she ever knew.”—Alas, this is no secret to me!—Miss S. remains with her all night—she is a most amiable girl—they cannot be separated. How powerfully does Sympathy unite, when Tendernefs and Sorrow are its objects!

Mr. S. and I are just returned, and its near twelve o’clock.—This day se’nnight I propose to take my departure.—In the mean time I expect to hear

hear from you, and of the place where I am to have the happiness to meet you:—I cannot accept of any apology, therefore make none, but come.—God bless you.—Adieu.

K 5

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

MR. C - - - - TO MR. H - - -, LONDON.

L - - - -, September 23d.

I TELL you all my follies, all my weakneffes, and I feel eafed and refreshed by it—like the burthened and wearied traveller, who preffing forward to fome given place of reft, is overcome with fatigue by the way, and finks down almoft fpent and exhausted, when fome good foul, by Nature liberal and tender-hearted, overtakes him—commiferates his fituation—raifes him up—divides his
load

load—gives him his arm to rest on, and by a kind participation in his affliction, shortens the road and lightens the burden.—So have you done by me.

There is so heavy and oppressive a sensation at my breast, that I can scarcely respire—and I feel a foreboding, as if some danger and calamity were near my heart.—And all this has come upon me since yesterday.—I had determined over night to be early at the Doctor's this morning, yet it was after ten o'clock before I went.—I know not how to describe myself.—My feelings were of that odd mixture which form nothing but paradoxes. My soul had incessantly

longed for the morning—every moments delay was a torment to me.—I had nothing to prevent me from going—yet I was diffident and timid. Something interposed and created a fluttering hesitation about my heart, which enfeebled my resolution—but did not weaken my anxiety.—As I entered the house every nerve shook—and when I approached the parlour I felt as if I was going to be tried for murder. The Doctor was alone—I was pleased at it—and the absence of Adelina, for the first time, did not distress me, although my whole soul was languishing to behold her—to hear her speak—to gaze on her.—“Oh, my friend, my friend,”—said
the

the Doctor, and shook his hand, but could not, for a few seconds, proceed, until the bursting tear had forced a passage, and given relief to the surcharged heart, and liberty to the organs of speech.—“ Oh, my friend, why will you leave us ? Why will you take from me all my consolation, and deprive me of the support with which you have cherished my hopes, and enabled me to look on my approach to death as the prelude to future happiness ?—I am weak—very weak—my faith is imperfect—I have not strength to act alone—my mind is feeble and not wholly satisfied. — In the last scenes, when the spirits are worn out, and the greatest exertions required, I
shall

shall fail in the performance, and bring disgrace upon the character which I wish to represent, unless I have your presence to adorn my exit, and your friendly hand to lead me off the stage; I know you will excuse my infirmities, and forget my importunities, if they interfere with either your interest or your happiness. I had formed to myself such schemes—but all—all—that I have set my heart on is with-held from me.—Yes, my friend, I was indulging my hopes with seeing accomplished the end of all my wishes in your union with Adelina! My heart was lifted above itself with the thoughts of performing the office of father to the most amiable

ble

ble of women—My mind was composed by it into calmness, serenity and firmness.—It would have satisfied her that I had never indulged improper wishes—and you, that I retained no malice nor resentment. I am totally unacquainted with either of your intentions—you do not find it necessary to consult me—I know it is your delicacy—you fear the consequences with me—and you delay your own happiness that you may not disturb mine.—Generous — best of men—I see your motives, and will submit.—It is not for myself alone that I am so distressed at your leaving us.—My poor niece! How similar will your sorrows and mine be—Oh! Sir, her
foul

foul lives but in your presence, and
 for Heaven's sake do not let her
 mourn long your absence—let her
 not suffer from suspense or doubt.
 She has a most noble mind and ex-
 quisite feelings—and if she should
 have any cause to suffer—it will be
 all in private, and that will insensi-
 bly destroy her: but your honour,
 and her innocence give to my mind
 a security which I will not doubt.—
 Wherever you go, may Heaven bless
 and protect you—and Oh! should
 you return before my days are wasted,
 and my recollection fails, I shall
 then quit the world without a wish
 unsatisfied.”—This man's anxiety and
 friendship greatly distress me — Oh !
 that

that I could act as my heart prompts—what a scene of happiness would it produce; but here Sentiment stops, and I must conform to Opinion and embrace Wretchedness and Misery, although all possible Happiness is in my reach.—I answered him consistently with my feelings, and gave him, in idea, that consolation and assurance which my soul burns to realize.

My spirits were now much relieved from their late oppression, and I went to find Adelina and her sweet companion. They were in the garden. Our meeting was attended with a little embarrassment and confusion. This was a sensation that cannot easily be accounted for; it arose from no conscious

scious cause, and almost ceased the moment it existed.—Adelina seemed dejected, so did Miss S.—They each took an arm—all around me was a perfect Heaven—and, as we walked towards the orchard, “So you are going to leave us,” said Miss S. in a melancholy tone—“Our village will be as a desert without you; but we hope that your absence will not be long.” I pressed each of their hands—“I hope so too,” I replied, “but there is a necessity for my going, which ill suits with my wishes—and gladly, my sweet ladies, would I give up the world, and all its treasures and concerns, to pass the remainder of my life in the bosom of the society which

I have

I have found here —'Tis here all my happiness centers—and here will my soul and all my hopes remain." Adeline sighed, pressed my arm to her side, and held down her head, "There is but one circumstance," I continued, "that can sweeten absence, and that is in the power of my two amiable friends to bestow; 'tis they alone who can soften my sorrows and give a pleasure to my mind, when I am removed from their dear society." Each, with tears in their eyes, requested how they could contribute to what they so much wished.—"Your correspondence, dear ladies; your company and conversation form my first wish and chief happiness—that will
be

be the second." "Set us the example," they exclaimed, "and we will follow it." "Enough, my sweet friends, enough," and I clasped them both in my arms. "Let us leave this subject, it is a dull one, for something more pleasant."—"Oh!" said Adelina, "here is my favourite apple-tree, and the apples are quite ripe, let us send for the servants and gather them; this will divert and amuse us. 'Tis a fine day too, and my Uncle will come out and sit in the bower and instruct us." "No, no," said Miss S. "we will have nothing to do with the servants, the tree is very low, Mr. C. can stand upon the garden table and reach the highest branches,

branches, he will pull the apples, and we will stand below and catch them in our aprons, and as they are filled empty them into a store basket.”—

“Agreed.” And away we hastened to prepare for our employment. The Doctor was brought out and placed in the bower.—I mounted upon the table and selected the ripest fruit—while the two charming girls stood with their sweet faces turned up, and their aprons extended, catching the apples as I gathered them, each complaining that I was partial, and gave the best and most to the other. Adelina’s apron was filled first, and away she tript to empty it into the store, while Miss S. called on the Doctor to witness my partiality.

partiality.—The Doctor was highly pleased at their innocent contention, and begged I would not deal so unjustly.—When I met with any apples particularly beautiful and fine—these I reserved, by putting the very best in my right pocket, and the others in my left.—In this delightful employment we continued till we had collected all that was ripe.—I came down and sat upon the edge of the table—“Here,” said I, “my sweet Pomonians, here is a gift for each of you.” They ran to me with ardour, Adelina on my right, and Miss S. on my left hand—“Hold your aprons;” they were stretched out in a moment, and I emptied my pockets into

into each as they stood. "Oh what beauties! These are delightful! Look Doctor! Look Uncle.—I will preserve these, so will I," and away they run, holding their aprons for the Doctor to see them, each esteeming and praising her own gift as best.—Oh! that this day would have lasted for ever to me, there could have been but one addition of happiness made to it.

It is such innocent and profitable recreations as this, my friend, which give pleasure to the mind without wounding the feeling. How happy would it be, if mankind were satisfied with the productions of the earth, without encroaching on the tranquillity, or destroying the lives of its
innocent

innocent and harmless inhabitants.—
Refinement has almost produced the
contrary extreme.—We are fast ap-
proaching to absolute brutality—and,
before long, we shall want variety in
the practice of cruelty, unless we
commence Cannibals—a circumstance
not improbable.—God bless my friend.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXVII.

MR. C ---- TO MR. H ---, LONDON.

L ---, Sept. 24th.

ABOUT four o'clock this morning I was called out of bed, no unusual thing since the Doctor has been confined, to see a young Lady in the village, who was taken suddenly ill. I never hesitate nor make the smallest difficulty on these occasions;—it lessens the merit of the action, if it has any, and adds to the distress of those who are already too much afflicted.—The Doctor's assistant had been called

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but

but was afraid to prescribe.—The disorder was in her stomach and bowels.—The pain was excruciating, and the spasms violent and alarming. She is an only child—amiable—and deservedly much beloved.—Her parents, who are rich as they are fond, felt as parents should do, and lost sight of every other consideration but the preservation of their child's life. The warm bath and anodyne glysters had no effect—I administered a small quantity of laudanum, which instantly gave her ease. I then increased the dose to a sufficiency, so that in two hours she was perfectly relieved, without a remaining symptom of the disorder.—

On the first alarm of her illness, almost the whole females in the village had ran to her assistance; and when I came, were prescribing without mercy or judgment; and in as great a variety as if they had all been physicians bred at so many different schools.—There is no system in modern physic, my friend; prejudice in education, and conceit in practice govern almost all men of this description; and if any of them rise into eminence and reputation in their profession, it is either by accident or imposition.—I know many of them most excellent and worthy men, but in saying this of a physician, unless professionally, you cannot give him a

worse character, or do him so essential an injury.—

I knew a physician who restored a King's brother to a good appetite, by limiting him to a pitiful allowance of mashed potatoes—and for which service he got a name far superior to all his cotemporaries, and a fortune greater than the prince's whom he cured; yet if his consequence and rank in life had depended on his learning and abilities, he must have wanted bread, and held an idiot's place in society.—Adelina and Miss S. who are in the closest habits of friendship with this young Lady, arrived at the very moment her life was despaired of.—On every occasion

Adelina

Adelina stands alone—in her presence all others appear fools—in the highest as well as in the lowest situations she equally charms and excels; and you would always conclude that her present pursuit had, alone, engaged the study and attention of her whole life.—To have a perfect knowledge of all that is tender, humane, and sympathetic, you must see her employed in the offices and care of the sick. Not a tongue moved while she was busied about Miss F. wonder and admiration made those silent, which all my intercessions and solicitations could not effect. About eight o'clock Miss F. was quite recovered, and composed to rest. I retired with my two companions to the Doctor's, where

we made a chearful meal—the ladies went to drefs for a walk—the Doctor to his prayers, and I to the garden.—Not a place of reft could I find but in the bower. I fat down—and my heart began to repine and forrow at my hard fate ; and I was inveighing bitterly againft the tyrannical fyftems of fociety, which in fo many inftances reftrain the mind from natural and innocent enjoyments, and give a full fcope to favagenefs and brutality, when I was fuddenly roused by the cry of hounds in full chace, and feemingly very near. I ftarted up in order to return to the houfe, and avoid the savage fport—but had not reached the entrance of the bower when

when in bounced a young male deer, and instantly faced about, regardless of me, to confront his enemies who were close upon him. Adelina's rake was luckily in the bower, I caught it up, and in my rage fell'd the first dog that attempted to enter, dead.—The next shared the same fate, and so would the whole pack, had not my threats intimidated and induced them to stop short. Their noise, which rather increased than abated, had reached the house, and the alarm brought out Adelina, Miss S,—the Doctor's assistant, and all the servants. The matter was soon explained, but the savage dogs could not be quieted until the huntsman came up and called

them off. The poor animal still doubtful of his fate, stood in a posture of visible despair, beating the ground with his foot—the last exertion of defence—his tongue hung from his parched mouth—the big tear, from his piteous eye, rolled down his dappled face, and from his wide distended nostrils the blood issued in streams.—He suffered me to take hold of him without making any resistance ;—having tied Adelina's handkerchief and my own together, I put them round his neck, and led him in triumph to the stable, where the servants prepared a stall—cleaned him, and gave him hay and water. Adelina was particularly delighted with

with the animal—and it would have made a savage mild to have seen her stroke and caress him.—The creature seemed sensible of the distinction—“ Shall I beg him of you”, said she, “ he owes his life to the same hand that I do mine, I shall therefore love him from sympathy.” “ With pleasure,” I replied, “ but I am not entitled to make the gift, he is yours already, and by a right, which in the simplicity of ancient times would have made this beautiful animal sacred—to your bower he fled; ’tis the sanctuary of innocence, and there he found the appellation confirmed—as for me, I only acted in my situation, could I desert my

post, and forfeit the honour you have done me? Could I see your bower polluted and stained with the death of this harmless creature? Heaven forbid! And may it always be as propitious to Love, as it has this day been to Innocence.”—One of the sportsmen now rode up to the gate before the house, and desired to speak with the person who had killed the dogs.—I went to him—he accosted me with a politeness and manner both pleasing and prepossessing. — “ My Brother, Sir,” said he, “ is very much displeased with having lost two of his best dogs—and in his present warmth I was afraid of the consequences if the matter was explained at this time,
I have

I have therefore persuaded him to let it rest until to-morrow, when he and I will do ourselves the pleasure to wait upon you." I thanked him for his friendly interference—but assured him that I could make no other concessions for having acted as I had done, than declaring how sorry I was at the accident, and most sincerely regreted having been compelled from a motive which I could not resist, to kill the dogs and protect the animal; and that had they been his Majesty's, and in the same situation, they would have met the same treatment.—He politely took leave.—

These

These two gentlemen live about eight miles from this place. The youngest is a student in the Temple, with a very limited fortune, but of an amiable disposition, and great goodness of heart. The eldest inherits the family estate, rather considerable—he is a very well disposed young man, but his virtues are suppressed and his best qualities obscured under a temporary profligacy, occasioned by an improper education and bad examples.—I am persuaded that if men were once to experience the pleasure which arises from a good and generous action, and from pursuing a course of life consistent with the impulses of Nature and Reason,

they

they would never disturb the tranquillity of their fellow creatures, nor suffer anguish from a painful reflection.

We drank tea at Mr. F's, and my patient was so well recovered, as to make one of the company.—I had so many thanks and compliments as really distressed me. Mrs. S. mentioned, while at tea, that my intended journey was to Ireland. She is a discerning woman, and saw that it would pass off better in company than in private.—“Ireland! Ireland!—’Tis a dangerous passage,” said one;—“more so than to the East Indies,” said another:—“Is it beyond seas?” says a third. And thus they went on, until I wished them at the bottom of the deep.—Those
who

who thought the most about it were silent.—The old Ladies went to cards—the young ones to music. Miss F. is esteemed a capital performer on the harpsichord.—You cannot hear her without praising and admiring her, yet the passions are not affected. But when Adelina touches the chords, the soul is melted with the harmony and sweetness of the sounds—the voice of Heaven is in her fingers as they move along the stops—They speak raptures to the heart, and one is lost to all other sensations but the tender melody which they create.—While she was playing a plaintive air, and Miss S. accompanying her with the words, I felt as if enchantment had seized me,
and

and all my faculties were absorbed in the contemplation of this divine woman.—To see her beautiful fingers dancing on the ivory, which in whiteness they exceeded—to hear the pathetic sounds she produced—and to behold the perfect elegance which she displayed in her manner and figure, was a scene which would have inspired angels to listen with wonder and amazement.—I had continued leaning on the back of her chair with enraptured attention, until Miss S. pronounced the two first lines of the last verse :—

“ Farewell, my love—farewell—once more
adieu—

“ The falling tear relieves my bursting
heart.”

This

This was the only chord that would not bear touching—it drew forth the latent sorrows of the heart.—Adelina's eyes were, in a moment, blinded with her tears—they fell, in showers, upon her lap—it was observed—she lost the power of execution—harmony stopped.—Miss S. turned to the window—and I was obliged to retire.

Where, my friend!—where can a remedy be found for the miseries which these sensations threaten!—In Heaven only!—I am wretched beyond hope!—Adieu.

LET

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

MR. C----- TO MR. H---, LONDON.

L-----, September 25th.

YOUR father dead!—Your house burnt down!—sad calamities indeed, my dear friend.—But as neither your affection, nor your interest, can be deeply concerned by these events—they are the less to be regretted.—To your father, I believe, you are obliged only for your name—and your fortune, I know, is ample, and secured against all accidents but a revolution in government, or a convulsion
in

in Nature.—‘ My poor dog faved !’
 —how thankful I am for this circumstance of good fortune—poor creature !—These accidents have deprived me of a consolation, which cannot be replaced.—I know not how I shall go through this trial—I see that my afflictions are multiplying fast, and must at last overwhelm me.—You say—I may see you, perhaps, in Ireland—can it be possible !—That hope will be of great service to me—I will not throw it away.

You are always anticipating my wants by some generous and friendly action.—I have no use for the portrait you have sent. I have one which was drawn for me a few months before I
 left

left London.—It has not been out of my possession, and I propose this for Adelina.—I shall therefore send you the other back. Adelina has a most striking miniature of herself, which was taken about two years ago by Mr. S. a native of Scotland, who is both deaf and dumb—it is a master-piece—the very soul is expressed in the features—and you read the character in the countenance. Were I to draw an estimate of the painter's abilities from this performance, I should not hesitate to conclude, that he can have no competitor in his profession, but must stand alone, unrivalled and unequalled in the art. Indeed, it is a strong argument with me, that the want of speech

and

and hearing contribute greatly to his excellence ; the mind is left to act free and of itself—the productions will therefore always be stronger and more natural.—But I need no emblem of her, to keep alive my remembrance, the image is drawn in my soul by the pencil of Nature, where the lines can never wear out, nor the colours fade.

I have had the promised visit from the two brothers. The eldest appeared sulky and ill-natured when we first met, and much inclined to quarrel—but we parted not only on good, but on friendly terms.

Mr. S. and I accompanied them to the Doctor's—he received them, poor
man,

man, with that chearful welcome so peculiar to his character. I never saw such amazement and respect as both the brothers shewed on Adelina and Miss S. entering the room. There is something in the manner and appearance of Adelina which would bend the mind and disposition of a savage to softness and civility. The Ladies were habited alike, each in a morning dress of fashionable printed cotton, brown ribbons, muslin aprons, handkerchiefs, and Venetian night-caps—I never saw either of them look better. Simplicity had formed their dress, and Elegance had put it on. The Gentlemen were dumb with admiration, and their behaviour was a confirmation of
this

this truth, which I have always believed—that the utmost extent of human happiness is to be found, only, in the society and affections of a woman of virtue, sensibility, and good-nature; and that all other endeavours after happiness are foreign to the nature of man, and ineffectual to the purpose. — The youngest brother was very thoughtful, and spoke little: and the eldest, at going away, said, “I have received more real pleasure from what I have heard and seen this day, than in all my past life, and I shall take every opportunity to cultivate a friendship so pleasing and profitable.”—They pressed Mr. S. and me very much to dine with them to-morrow, but I absolutely refused.

How

How often, my dear friend, do mankind impose upon their senses, in pursuing a course of life which custom has made familiar, or fashion pleasing—without their best and choicest affections and faculties being concerned. And this they call enjoyment, until accident, or some other cause, presents the natural object of their soul to view—then—their past life appears as a dream—they fret and murmur—curse the idle delusions which held them so long in bondage, and wonder at their own want of discernment. You very often see men who have gone the whole round of variety; stretched every invention; searched every corner of the world, and tried every scheme, from
the

the highest extreme in Fashion, to the most despicable foible in Philosophy, to find Content and Happiness; return, on every change, to soften their chagrin and disappointment in the solace and indulgent tenderness of a woman.—Nothing can be more absurd, than to seek for consolation in objects, extraneous to the rational mind. It is in the image of himself, the natural associate of his soul, only, that man can find the amount of human happiness—His first impulse, and last resource is—*Woman*.—Adieu.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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